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# Adam

VOL. 3 N. 5

**the man's  
home companion!**

50 C



ADULTS ONLY



The White Ball . . . pictures, but returning home this time, ADAM takes you into his own back yard with the clock set back a hundred years, for a picture view of the Gay 90s, "The Saloon That Glorifies the Nude".

There are a host of old favorites back between our covers—Connie Sellers for the stark; Jay Edmond for the dramatic; and cartoonist Dennis, who hits an all-time pinnacle of the ridiculous with his wondering wanderings on Page 12.

Along with the old there is the new. Laurita Alexander (Page 18) for the exotic; fabulously-figured Dixie Hardakre (Page 50) for the unexpected; and Jim Norbert and Bill Preston (Page 36) for the adventurous.

We've something old, something new—sorry . . . nothing borrowed and nothing blue—it's strictly entertainment!

Nude beauties at Paris' White Ball night club present erotic historic tableaux — see Page 28.

# Adam

## MONTHLY

VOL. 3 NO. 5



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Airline stewardess Dixie Hardakre is  
 ADAM's beautiful cover girl and  
 "Cover Girl Uncovered"—see Page 50.



She had come to Paris to save her niece,  
but found temptation overwhelming and exhilarating

# Aunt Hypatia

SHE HAD KNOCKED three times and was about to turn away when a muffled voice shouted at her to come in.

She turned the knob and entered a large high-ceilinged room. One whole wall and part of the ceiling were glass through which streamed the Paris sun in a steady torrent of light. At the other end of the room was a balcony off which she could see three doorways. Lying on the balcony soaking in the sunshine was a young man dressed in jeans and sandals.

"That you, Randy?" he asked without looking up.

"No, it's not Randy," Hypatia Kenyon said.

"Then who in the hell is it? Can't you see that I'm working."

"I can see that you are doing nothing. My name is Hypatia Kenyon."

The young man rolled over and looked down at her. He studied her wide mouth, her thin face and large gray eyes. He stared unbelievingly at the plain blue dress, obviously picked to suppress any suggestion of a figure and then his eyes traveled down and came to rest on her low heeled brown shoes. His eyes widened in something between amusement and horror.

"Are you Dale Bushman," she said sharply.

He swung down from the balcony and stood facing her. His lean hard-muscled body was suntanned and covered with a golden drift of hair.

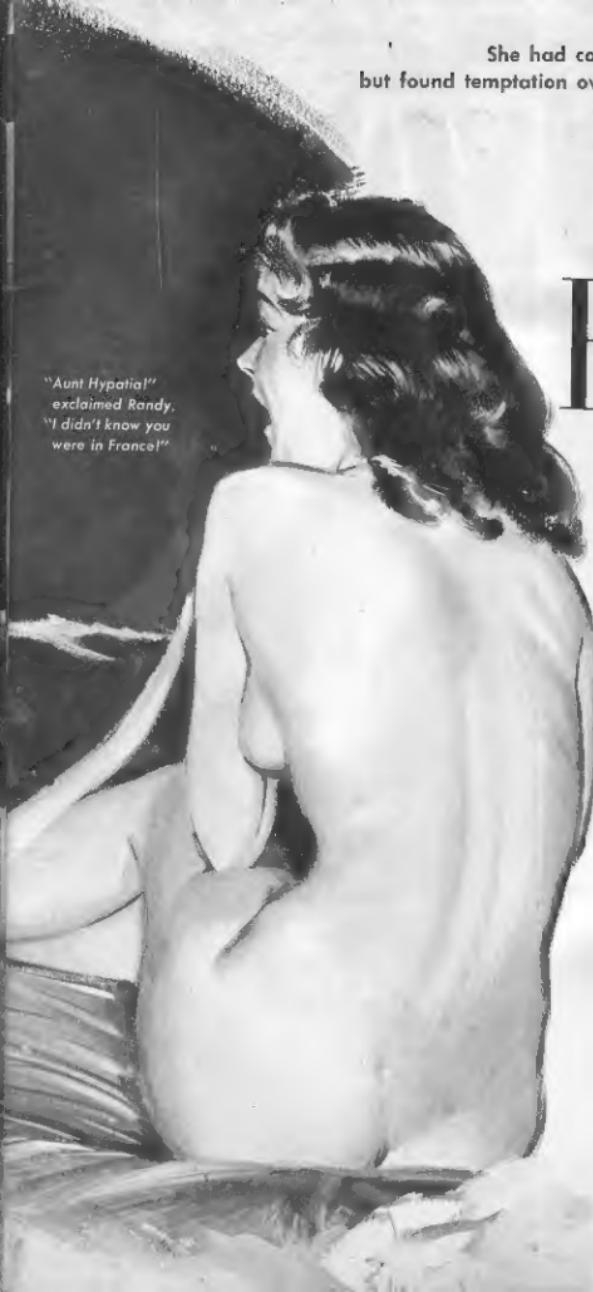
"Yes, I'm Bushman. Who are you?"

"I'm Randy's aunt," she said impatiently. "Where is she?"

—turn to page 46

by GEORGE H. SMITH





She had come to Paris to save her niece,  
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# Aunt Hypatia

"Aunt Hypatia!"  
exclaimed Randy.  
"I didn't know you  
were in France!"

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—turn to page 46



**M**AYBE YOU'VE SEEN some of the foreign films from which the pictures accompanying this article were taken—but it's a sure bet you haven't seen these sizzling sex scenes in the foreign films shown in this country. The reason is that the American public is not considered mature enough to witness a passionate love scene, a milky thigh, an exposed breast, a dimpled derriere or—perish the thought—such a "lewd" and "obscene" thing as a naked woman!

Just what would happen if the American public were allowed to see such spectacles has never been a subject for conjecture, as far as this writer knows, but the puritanical powers responsible for film censorship certainly must envisage something pretty awful—although we don't think anything more serious than a rise in the birth rate would result.

That Americans should be subjected to film censorship is ironic to say the least. The U. S. has a well-deserved reputation for being the most advanced country in the world in terms of living standards and technology, but in matters concerning sexual morality we seem to be the most backward.

Our callow and infantile attitude toward sex has resulted in a growing wave of blue-nosed censorship that has ranged from the ridiculous to the insane. All foreign films are censored before they are distributed to theaters throughout the U. S. Every import must first pass U. S. Customs where any footage considered objectionable is cut out. The footage is carefully measured and recorded so that it cannot later be reinstated surreptitiously. Frequently, a foreign film will be banned from being shown in the U. S. Even when foreign films do get past the sharp scissors of the customs office, they are vulnerable to arbitrary censorship from civic and religious groups and other self-appointed guardians of public morals.

It is almost unbelievable that freedom-loving Americans living in a democracy put up with such a flagrant violation of their constitutional rights. Boards of censorship, no matter how high of purpose, are a standing threat to a very precious liberty. There is nothing quite so offensive to freedom as the small group given a loose sanction to decide what all the people may hear or read or look at. What moral good it may accomplish in the opinion of the general public is likely to be cancelled out by its absurdities and downright unconstitutional suppressions.

While there is no question but what foreign films are often more

# The Most Sizzling Sex Scenes Ever Filmed

by FRANKLIN L. THISTLE



"Illicit interlude" tells the story of summer love.

**Most of them are butchered from the movies before American audiences are permitted to see them**

daring and candid in their approach to the subject of sex than the domestic product, the consensus among the country's film reviewers is that none of them are indecent or obscene enough to corrupt adult morals. The editors of *ADAM* are of the same opinion and feel their adult readers are mature enough to see and read about the sex scenes which have been deleted from the foreign films shown in this country. So let's take a look at some of the most sizzling sex scenes ever filmed that you have missed seeing.

Hildegarde Neff, the seductive-looking German actress, began her climb to film fame after she drew favorable notice in a film called "The Sinners"—which became famous chiefly for some 16 feet of celluloid that wound up on the cutting room floor when U. S. Customs got hold of it. The film portrayed a torrid love affair with Hildegarde exhibiting the same kind of showmanship that once skyrocketed Hedy Lamarr to fame in her notorious "Ecstasy." Like Hedy before her, Hildegarde was shown in a brief sequence wearing nothing but her birthday suit. By the time the movie reached America, the daring scene had been cut out of the film so that U. S. audiences never got a chance to see Hildegarde in the nude.

Miss Neff also won renown for her role in the sexy drama "Die Sunderlin." She did, in fact, reveal all the bare facts, both front and back, in the role she played of a prostitute who does nude modeling for a blind artist. Unlike Hedy Lamarr—who wishes the public would hurry up and forget her role in "Ecstasy"—Miss Neff has always taken a liberal view of her work in "Die Sunderlin" and has never attempted to conceal her association with the picture.

Americans have gotten a pretty good look at lovely May Britt in American films such as "The Young Lions," but naturally May's scenes weren't nearly so sizzling as they were in the now famous Swedish film "Illicit Interlude." Miss Britt, a sensitive and talented actress who also happens to have a beautiful chest development and equally perfect hips and limbs, played the role of a ballerina in "Illicit Interlude" who enjoys the delectable fruits of a summer romance in the country. A memorable scene in the picture shows the sensu-

ous sexpot bathing alone in a stream. Not only does the camera show a close-up of her in the water, but also focuses on her when she is no longer in the water. In this latter close-up, she is photographed very directly from the front—an extremely sexy shot that artfully reveals everything, including a cute little mole on her tummy.

Americans have also seen a lot lately of Sophia Loren, Italy's bosom queen, but they will never see so much of her in American films as she showed in Italian films during the early part of her career. Before she won world renown, she appeared in many pictures that featured her stripped down to the waist, exposing her most outstanding assets.

Likewise, Gina Lollobrigida, today a staid and prudish lass, reluctant even to bare her ankles, began her career by appearing in costumes with little left to show. One of her more famous scenes occurred in "Beauties in the Night" when she divested herself of an abbreviated bikini and plunged bare into the water.

Probably the best-known European Queen of Nudity is ravishing Martine Carol, a blonde Parisian lass with big innocent eyes. In her first major film, "Caroline Cherie," Martine enacted the title role of Caroline, a teen-ager of aristocratic origin during the period of the French Revolution. In the very first sequence, where the still-virgin Caroline is celebrating her sixteenth birthday, she entices an older man into an attic and seduces him, beginning by brazenly disrobing and placing his hand on one of her bare breasts.

Later, Caroline is imprisoned and bribes her way out by exposing her breasts to the warden, who spirits her to his private quarters and takes advantage of the situation. Still later, to avoid the guillotine, she feigns insanity and is confined in a lunatic asylum. Here once again, she does her bust-tease, seducing the head doctor and making her escape. In still another scene, Caroline, disguised as a boy, is unmasked when a soldier rips her blouse open with his sword, once more exposing her by-now-familiar and shapely breasts.

Martine has appeared naked as a jaybird in practically all of her pictures. Her nudity is always worked into the script with considerable logic, her roles requir-

—turn the page



Hedy Lamarr in oft-censored "Ecstasy".



Nude embrace in "Illicit Interlude".



Bathing in Swedish film.





"Shop of Lost Women" couldn't pass censors.

ing her to undress and take an untold number of baths and showers. In the film "Une Caprice de Caroune" she drove her audience wild for several minutes as she stood around in the nude with a towel tamely draped over her points of greatest interest. Eventually, of course, Martine casually lowered the towel and gave the spectators a long and welcome look at her modest size but well rounded bosom.

Recently, Martine startled her fans and movie bosses with the announcement that she absolutely hated appearing in the nude in her pictures. "I am really terribly bourgeois and prudish," she told reporters with a straight face. "I assure you, I suffer indignities during the shooting of scenes where I am nude or near y so I w .. not be happy until I am given roles in which I wear more clothing."

Swedish moral standards, were reflected in the picture "One Summer of Happiness," which won first prize at the film festival in Cannes several years ago. A delicate, sensitive film, it concerns a country girl who falls in love with a college student vacationing in her town. In one scene, Folke Sundquist and the lascious Lila Jacobsson swim together naked, and then make passionate love on



she be in The Swallows home mature and sees her people  
at the north. She is a mother to these on  
which she is a mother. She is a mother to these on  
she is a mother to these on which she is a mother to these on  
she is a mother to these on which she is a mother to these on  
she is a mother to these on which she is a mother to these on

He shows that he is an expert  
in hotel & restaurant management and  
has broad experience.

Another woman with an approach love relationship may be what is called breasts and breasts and with just and without any

She has been seen with ever film can be  
seen. In March 1948 she was due to her un-  
known husband. A 12 year old woman.  
The man who shot her was looking in the van  
but was not seen. As far as ever put it.  
In the van was the Rev. Mr. Howard, the rear  
witness, with his son, the son of the sub-  
ject with whom he was in the van after  
Br. Howard shot her. He was with his husband and  
as far as he can be seen he is the man.

With such calls for loan as these, it is no wonder that Am. Land Co. - Woman has been the most successful in the U. S. An Englishman has made a fortune in the world. E. B. Knobell - business man who is carrying his home in the U. S. says the future has \$3,000,000, and he expects to have \$10,000,000. Knobell credits the big success of the firm to just one thing.

The future for a home depended what was promised on the day he came.

The Legion of Decency called Artless Creation. Woman who plays a minor role. The reason caused Richard Brandt's New York exhibition to be withdrawn. He had a part in the pictures where the girls were all to touch pictures with sex themes, for fear of premature groups

It is an unfortunate and really outdated impression having to do with sex and that really must be dispelled. Brandt doesn't I am as moral as the next fellow and I would play an *obscenecum* in my theaters. But the term *obscenecum* means different things to different people and what may be *obscene* that was the *decency* of Decency will actually be *obscenecum* and completely harmless adult entertainment to a lot of people.

And God Created Woman caused a furor in many cities in Memphis, Tenn., for example the censorship board said our women sat through most of the film before the censors let it as being obscene. In Dallas, Texas the *Waco* (1953) sought to have the film banned. I. L. A. sees the theater showing the picture had to go to the law office of a great lawyer to restrain the theater from exhibiting, which it did not do.

In Phase plus police confiscated prints of the film.

A few days later he was sent to the market to buy a few things. Every one of them was a good buy. He was innocent although he was not sure that he could pass the inspection. On the way he bought the spiced thing.

The place was really a scene which showed us the sea and a rock. These stones were about as large as a man's hand, and hardly could be called rocks. They were not flat. But the rose bushes were there, but were obscure because they were so tall. It was such a tall rose bush that the bushes had the name of "tall rose bushes". I thought the place was very wondrous place.

This was in 1947 and there had been a  
series of arrests in the U.S. Area & Prior to  
that in 1946. Helge Sko, the Swedish film  
Museum had been arrested as a saboteur by the law. But a  
series of arrests was later known to be by the State  
Security. The other was the operations of the Co.  
There was a first order showing four short sub-  
versives were code names which had  
been transmitted to the U.S. and another had  
been arrested in France. The others were The  
V. P. Paavo Sutinen, Fred V. von and Eze  
works.

Turn to page 58



Take Esri code: a "Forbidden Fruit"

You're too good for me, Sally...



ADAM probes  
the inner minds of  
hembakants engaged  
in the most  
intimate...

# I wonder what goes on in their pretty

Please! My husband will be home  
any minute now...



I don't care how many drinks you pour into me, Harold - I'll NEVER do anything like THAT!



I can tell you don't know me very well - I have immense moral strength...



## little heads?

Okay, you can come in for a nightcap if you promise to leave right after without a fight...



Aw-w - is my net, honey?



by K. ROBERT HOWARD

# the Fabulous Prophet

WITH NORTH AFRICA in ferment from the Atlantic Ocean to the Red Sea, and with loosely termed Arab Nationalism on the march from Aleppo to the Gulf of Oman, the long-dormant, long-backward world of Islam has reasserted itself as a vital factor in the politics of the Atomic Age. Once again, the black banners of Mahomet, with their crescent-and-star emblems, are floating over large segments of our geography. Backed by modern technology, by the wealth of bottomless fountains of petroleum, by ambitious leaders and by anti-Westernism fostered by the Soviets, the half-billion followers of Allah and his Prophet are astir for the first time in three centuries, when Turkish power reached its apex under the walls of Vienna.

To most Americans, Mohammedanism is a quaint and vaguely indecent non-Christian religion, its founder a dim figure who went in for prohibition and polygamy and whose followers caused much remote trouble to Christianity during and after the Middle Ages.

Actually, the Mahomet story is one of the most colorful, fascinating and bloody in the entire human record. Believers in his doctrine have, at one time or another, ruled most of the civilized and much of the barbaric globe, from the Pyrenees to the Southern Philippines. They were the cause of the fantastic Crusades and the downfall of Constantinople. The so-called assassins, who terrorized and blackmailed the Middle East for centuries were devout members of a Mohammedan sect.

—turn the page

Mahomet liked three things most  
—women, scent and eating,  
but mostly women



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WITH NORTH AFRICA in ferment from the Atlantic Ocean to the Red Sea, and with loosely termed Arab hordes sm on the march from Aleppo to the Gulf of Oman, the long dormant, long backward world of Islam has reasserted itself as a vital factor in the politics of the Atomic Age. Once again, the black banners of Mahomet, with the crescent and star emblem, are floating over large segments of our geography. Backed by modern technology by the wealth of bottomless fountains of petroleum, by ambitious leaders and by anti-Westernism fostered by the Soviets, the half-baked followers of Allah and his Prophet are assertive for the first time in three centuries, when Turkish power reached its apex under the walls of Vienna.

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Until a counter reformation caused Islam to forsake art and science they produced the most gifted poets and architects, the ablest mathematicians and scientists the world may ever have known.

Surprise in many ways seems the very essence of Islam and none is more surprising than the Prophet himself. Nor was there ever a more unlikely founder of an historic and enduring religion.

Mahomet was born in Mecca, half way up the eastern shore of the Red Sea but many dry miles inland, in the year 570 A.D.

Like many other prophets and conquerors he was given to occasional epileptic fits and spent much of his childhood as a goat herder, farmed out to Bedouin tribesmen in the surrounding desert. His education would appear to have been fragmentary to put it mildly, although an uncle of the penniless, parentless boy seems to have seen to it that he received some schooling and once took him along on a caravan trip to Damascus, far to the north.

Mahomet was born in what had been a key city on one of the world's great trade and caravan routes, between Egypt and the garden kingdoms of southern Arabia, and the Mideast. But the political fragmentation incident upon the fall of the Roman Empire had made the route unsafe and economically unprofitable and the development of sea and ocean travel between India and Egypt had pretty well wiped out what trade remained. Add the factor that most of that part of the world was rapidly becoming desert, and you have a city very much on the downgrade.

What remained in Mecca were remnants of the caravan route, a well called the Zam Zam to nourish the traders and their camels, and a meteoric stone called the Kaaba which had been built into a corner of a rectangular temple wall guarded by pagan idols and which had become something of a tourist attraction.

The Meccans were as dedicated to family feuds as any of the tribes of Sicily or the Kentucky mountains. Two clans, the Koreish (to which Mahomet

belonged by birth) and the Khozaa made up the entire population of the once thriving caravan stop. At the time of the Prophet's birth they were still in uneasy alliance under a partial truce whose purpose was to prevent clan warfare from destroying the remnants of the shrine to old trade on which the city largely depended.

When Mahomet was twenty this truce was burst asunder in a peculiar way. One of the Koreish Clan owed money to a banker who grew so tired of not collecting payment that he took a monkey to the market place and loudly announced: "For another ape like this one, I shall gladly surrender my claim."

This was followed by the naming of the Koreish debtor alone, with a picturesque description of his person, his habits, his morals and those of his ancestors back to Adam himself. This of course was an unbearable insult to the debtor's fellow clansmen, one of whom drew a sword and beheaded the ape. Thus began what Moslems have termed the *Sacrilegious War*, in which the young Mahomet himself took part but without much vigor for he was not cut out to be a warrior.

In fact, just what he was cut out to be proved a problem to his relatives. He was a round little man, given to long silent spells of introspection interrupted by periods of merriment and good fellowship. When he aughed his eyes disappeared in his head and his tonsils and teeth became visible. He dyed his beard red or yellow in accordance with his mood of the moment, used eye makeup and was fond of loud talk and even louder clothes. When he walked he looked as if he were descending an invisible hill.

He seems to have subsisted on odd chores and camel driving trips until the age of 25 when he so impresses a wealthy employer with his camel driving abilities that he gets a full time job. This wealthy employer was Khadija, a 40 year old widow of considerable means, who employed the young eccentric as her husband and who thus became inextricably enmeshed in the love of Islam. From that time on, his

daily bread assured, the Prophet to be seems to have spent his time dreaming and scheming. The sole object of these early dreams and schemes was to increase the wealth he had married by restoring Mecca as a place of pilgrimage and profit (the local tourism having suffered through the *Sacrilegious War*).

He got his break in an odd way. The Kaaba temple so suffered from a flash flood that the citizens decided to rebuild it. But to do so, they would have to move the sacred stone itself, although it was protected by interlocking and ancient tabus against any such molstation. However, the tabus were broken, and nobody dropped dead. The temple was rebuilt without human harm.

Then came the problem of where to place the stone in the rebuilt edifice. After much bickering, the citizens on the job decided to let the first man to appear in the temple square make the decision for them. The man was Mahomet and he worked out a decision that kept the clans from starting another *Sacrilegious War* over it.

The incident seems to have set off a sort of chain reaction in the fledgling Prophet, just as he was to set off a chain reaction in his wake that almost overwhelmed the then very sized world. Consulting only his pump-madde aged Khadija, Mahomet began to seek restoration of Mecca's prosperity through consultation with angels and the like.

In those days the important religions of Afro-Asia were Coptic Christianity which is, sure yes in Ethiopia, Eastern Orthodox Catholicism, the Zoroastrianism of Persia and Judaism. Of course Christian and pagan cults, there were many. It was an age of schisms within schisms or heresies within heresies when the entire world seemed to be falling to pieces spiritually as well as physically and politically.

Mahomet early turned to the one God view of Jew and Christian against the polytheism of other sects at the time. Out of the meditations, the outbursts of frenzied energies and the occasional fits from which stemmed the truly magnificent poetry of the Koran, the very practical ex camel driver worked out the basis of a series of parables and prophecies calculated to make Mecca the *Zem Zam* and the Kaaba hover in Judeo-Christian eyes than they had ever been to their pagan guardians.

Mecca, he insisted, was founded by Abraham himself, and Sarah and Ishmael had drunk of waters from the Holy Well. As for the Christians, they, too were expecting a new Prophet called in John (xvi 22) the Paraclete, which could, by strained translation from the Greek be made into the Arabic Ahmed, or praised one since Ahmed was another version of his

own name Mahomet

In short he became his own prophet. he Messiah of his own faith. He began to talk with the Angel Gabriel in his trances and finally aged 44, of fared Meccans. instead of the constant reading, a regime of human brotherhood under his own leadership. What was more he began to get a following. He had the support of his clan and some of his deccrees proved so radical that even the Koreish elders turned against him.

They then slew him around when he tried to snapshot his new faith, jeering at him and trying to eye him nor to let him go. A living renegade. An gigantic snake even dropped a bucket of goat's guts down his chimney where there was cooking going on in the fireplace beneath. The malignant prophet lagged the stinking mess outside on a pointed stick and cried. What sort of refined neighborhood is this?

Finally the famed Hegira was undertaken after certain leading men in the nearby and more prosperous city of Medina proved receptive to the Islamites. The faithful sneaked out by night, leaving empty houses behind them, until only Mahomet Abu Bekr a squatter in business associate of Khadija who had become a convert remained in Mecca. They did not leave until they had informed that furious fellow. Koreish craftsmen plotted their murder. Then they fled by night and out in a nearby cave where would be assassins sought them on the Medina road and reached the latter city in triumph five days later. The date of the Hegira was June 20, 622 A.D. the offical beginning of the Mohammedan era, and the Prophet was then 53 years old.

There was not a number of would-be hosts willing to house him and a whole new series of feuds seemed on the verge of developing from inevitable sightings. The Prophet decided to let his camel named A Kaswa make choice of dwelling. This remarkable beast had the tact to select an abandoned suburban villa and there Mahomet settled down to assemble his harem beginning with Aisha, the 12 year old daughter of his friend and colleague Abu Bekr. According to Aisha, who was with Mahomet until his death ten years later, Mahomet liked three things most: women, scent and eat ing but mostly women.

He was to get plenty of all three from then on, in fact more than was good for his health. He became immensely fat and continued to develop his writings through consultation with such divine sources as he could summon. Meanwhile, his followers were fighting battles in his behalf. They

adopted the famous Black Banner after a victory on the Sarir road, actually the flag they fought under was nothing more than a bit of Aisha's chemise. Mahomet continued to eat and sniff perfumes and assemble his most desirable women his growing army could provide. One of them Zeinab, a failure to understand the import of her destiny that she nosed the Prophet's soup looking a guest and causing Mahomet a digestive problem that is said to have led ultimately to his death.

Mecca was reconquered by acclamation just a year before his end. The Prophet stood before the sacred Ka'aba and cried "Truth is come". Then a gigantic axe man destroyed the ancient heathen Jos in front of an awestruck populace. According to legend the devil screamed an sobbed under the bows of the mighty axe.

Or it is such a story and such a man came Islam, the faith that was to engulf so much of the world for so many centuries. Within three years of Mahomet's death swelling of warred and hordes under the Black Banner, nicknamed the Eagle had stormed and sacked Damascus, far to the north. A few months later they had driven the Emperor of Byzantium out of Syria and, less than ten years from the Prophet's demise, both Persia and Egypt were bowing toward Mecca. In

732, exactly a century later, the Moslem hordes, sweeping up through the Pyrenees from Spain, to be barely checked by the cavalry of Charles Martel at Tours in the very heart of France.

Despite the fits and inspired preachings of the Koran, the faith of Mahomet is so dry and shrewdly based on human needs, he sees all tears. Essentially, it is simple and simple without being puritanical. It forbids the pleasure of all, but it permits the pleasures of the couch, both in the Here and the Beyond. Nor is this apparent subjection of women to harem life either as sensual, or as unfair as it usually seems to modern Western eyes and morals.

One of the great curses of Arabic life before Mahomet stemmed directly from the fact that the land had grown so poor it could not support its population. For centuries the desert people had accustomed themselves to destroying surplus human infants. As potential breeders they were a menace to all. There are they had to be dealt with and destroyed even as other menaces to the general welfare.

Mahomet who loved women of all ages, forbade such slaughter to his followers on pain of hell and the hell he created was a hell whose horrors and torments have seldom if ever been matched, even by Dante and Calvinist

turn to page 32



"Goodness, I seem to be going a bit further on one drink these days!"



have  
talents  
will  
travel

**ADAM turns the spotlight  
on Laurita Alexander—  
a girl with beauty,  
talent and burning ambition—  
and no place to go**

L A T R I A ALEXANDER  
is a m. of girl with a lot of trouble.  
She an't s. st. no. 1. See eight  
arrests in her m. and boasts ev'n  
more than that. Tensions of 18 & 638.  
She can sing, dance, act & paint your  
picture beautifully in either water  
colors or oil. Aged 24, and will con-  
siderable soon now, and the theater ex-  
perience under her belt not to be shamed.  
One of the most pleasant and beau-  
tiful girls ADAM OR ANYBODY else ever I  
see on

However, Lauri has a problem  
1 b.s. one. With all of her accomplish-  
ments, a lot of her beauty, a lot of her  
ambition to be a big-time actress, she  
has literally no place to go. Quiet  
as an owl with sage to remember, she  
and her two sons, Lauri  
scolded her difficulties - the non-  
for-able - a room of her mother's  
house in a pleasant residential section  
of Los Angeles.

There is at present no barrier against colored people in the community who did not administer it right fully. The trouble seems to be that just aren't enough jobs to go around.

by ROGER TURRELL



I am thinking seriously of getting out of New York or even Paris. I am the sort of person who has a desire to move to a real文明 (civilized) place. You seem to like you when you're right . . .

What exact sort of career does one have in the West? We can't big it, she says with a Bushy brow. "I say . . . must be on top. I can't, you know, brazen. I am thinking, and it's perhaps a dream, of getting out of New York or even Paris. I am thinking seriously of getting out of New York or even Paris. I am the sort of person who has a desire to move to a real文明 (civilized) place. You seem to like you when you're right . . .

And I am very definite, she adds over. "No, I think I think Harry's great, but another Frank Sinatra, I mean, er, and you've got it. That's me."

She is a straight, square, slender girl, a pinkish skin, the white, white hair. LaRita rose and stood. "I like her father's name," she said, "but a fine, decent, up-to-date, sensible, sensible name. D'Urville. There's a man I know, she said, "I like the sound of his name, his first name, and I had to make his . . .

She put away the painting and recrossed to a big, foot-long model of a fireplace atop the brick mantel piece. "My brother Neil is married," she said. "He's 22, in Chicago now, doing the work. He plays a mess of piano and sings, he's an inge. Ma, he comes up to see us in a faraway but determined plan in her large, airy eyes. "He and I will get up an art and work together."

Talent seems to run strongly in the family, too. "Los Angeles has us or us among whom LaRita's the names of two artists, with her two brothers, evidently dead, age-wise. We are a good musical family, in different ways," she reveals, especially this, her brother who can play in the house two or three without finding a habitation music on TV. "I can stand the noise, and we have a terrible figure. Luckily his marriage is to a girl in Pasadena."

Back to LaRita. "Has she ever compared me, in beauty, to others?" "Yes. I was Miss Sunshine of 1953," she confesses, smiling. "Whatever that means. I was a mother but I didn't win everybody to me. I should have and





that it was politics you know the sort of thing I mean? It's with a hearty laugh. Since then when I move I do it for money not glory.

What about hobbies? I kept the whenever I get the chance. And I do a lot of swimming. But mostly it's the painting that keeps me busy. It also kept Laurita from getting a degree from Los Angeles State College since she was so wrapped up in her art that she couldn't set her way of getting her math and science credits needed for her A.B. However, Laurita, as no rejects on that score. Not even an I.D. will get me a job in show business, she states firmly.

What has she done? I've been in here with her for five long years," she says. "I've done a lot of *The Theater* work. I was in an *A Colorful Version of The Seven Year Itch* and I scared

some sort of a hit in a radio station. In that one I did a dance. This was a sun-jen-ansa, from the sofa and a sort of an exciting alternative to all of those beautiful hips.

She sat with her arms on her hips. Eddie Dassau, Tom White, Sheen at Zee Top, either the Lure or And They Worked So Well, maybe a few West Coast numbers between her and *She's Not in the Mood* at TV bobs enough. This why I think I'm going to have to leave. Why they're too close to you, they can see you in me.

What has been her peak experience thus far? *Man that was in Mexico City* that was a real crowd. She says she was a romance. With a smile she shrugs and laughs at the memories thus evoked. Then, more seriously, I'm perfectly aware that sex is here, so say, that I'm still living without the love mate of my life. I want what every woman wants, a husband, children, a home. But first I've got to earn the thrust of her boots. And there's this career of mine to get on the road. I'm still going the antarctic chorus, I show business, get me a good agent who can get me the good gigs.

Perhaps as a result of her big moment in Mexico City, Laurita is very much on a Spanish kick. I like everything Spanish, she says warmly. That makes their paintings their dancing their food, everything. I'm really crazy about Latin dances. I even do them as art of my art.

It was a result of this Laurita that brought Laurita to her most dressing in stage presentation to date. Says she I was working a place called Palms Steak House in Tucson. At 2014. There's a glass partition separating the dining room proper from the cabaret bar. I was wearing a skin tight white see-through jumpsuit down one side, this special dress that I had just come down with a fishtail from a certain. The number I was doing was *That Old Black Magic*, and I was in the stand facing the bar with my back to the part on singing, a beat on a pair of tambourines and keeping a swish to it.

I guess I got carried away a little because the next thing I knew this waitress was trying to hold a tablecloth behind me, and the other side of the glass partition. It seems I had still my dress right at my back and hadn't felt it. The hem of the in the dining part of the place got into the extra with the seat. She states that right. I shed the number well ahead of schedule and got out of there to make repairs. I was good in my car, so was because that sort of dress is very, very expensive.

Laurita doesn't smoke, likes Italian and Chinese as well as Spanish Mexican cooks. I'm a pretty good cook myself, she adds. No man, how I hate him women. In the matter of men, she's a social number, but on a الاستونی she runs away with me, you know when the ole frustrations come up.

Laurita is deeply emotional. I'm neither a extravert nor an introvert.



she can see's, but somewhere in between the most simple. The man she usually selects is one who claims to be a good decent man, neat and tidy, a good boy, but does he always care for her? No, she doesn't care for him. Then with a look of security it's war.

What's so terrible is she usually wins in now. She pretend to understand that she is in a place to be, because it won't be all the same always, and it's up to little, she never does it now, but it's

there's had to her round, as nearly as she can she would be off. One day, or the other, she would always be there, because in the man she's got for her, she's not the first choice. I became aware, her in some room. I was sat here, I was off, you know, like the place you were. I was in each other's way. She's been in the room, and I was. That was it.

She's in the room, with a look, but she didn't want to, she didn't want to. She had no diffi-  
culty in getting across the road, so she would be expected to  
find her way, as far as the room  
as far as she could, has a room  
which is a room, but it's a room  
she's in the room, and I was in the  
room, was a room, take a room, carry  
through. This is a girl who in her  
own little way, is not going to  
ask no for an answer.





IT WAS INevitable to Johnnie Haynes that it was sitting across the city organzied José, staring at a spreading newspaper and holding Dr. Revested say. Under the circumstances it was improbable that you would prefer remain with him. Dr. Revested's blue-glass eyes had been fixed on him. He looked with his embarrassment, with the pointed to Johnnie. He blushed behind his smile. This was new to him. In other words, finding him, he repeated. I think improbable that he could ever be known as here. I'm afraid for you sorry.

Johnnie had his own notion of a psychologist. He had his own bits and pieces of reality from the horrible world he had come from. He thought he were better off in a room by himself, the book piled on the windowsill, and he could hotly beneath the raw shroud as he was. He knew he was here, were alone, the world outside was a mass of shattered

Johnnie took a look at the newspaper as the nearly bullet-proof glass windowed in. He went to the end of the room and sat down on the floor, near the end of the window, and a chair beside him. He was alone now. Dr. Revested. Instead he was sitting in the only chair, with the dark pony tail with makeup on her face, except for the heavy ponytail and the white shirt. She had her hands clasped in front of her breasts.

It's been a she used to shiver in her sweat shirt and jeans, takers the world. More with when she has been dancing. We see a number. She meant for him to sit at the scene. Last himself.

Other girls in the apartment had been dancing with boys who had a Parker's Temptation,舞, from the two-colored stars stickers on. Like the woman in the white shirt, were no longer the same. But the boy in the sneakers had taken him. She became emotional enough to touch a finger with his hand. That is it. He wasn't for Johnnie. Johnnie was sitting on the floor that night, saw the boy shrug at him away from the girl.

turn the page

by JAY EDMOND

“You’re just...there...”  
he said. “It’s kickin’  
the anything else.”



# who needs you?



IT WAS INCREDIBLE to Johnnie Haynes that he was sitting across the neatly organized desk, staring at the spread of newspaper and hearing Dr. Reinstead say, "Under the circumstances, I think it improbable that you would prefer to remain with us here." Dr. Reinstead's blue-glass eyes rolled back nervously and he toyed in his embarrassment with the pointed tip of his nose. He blinked behind rimless spectacles and seemed to be groping for other words. Finding none, he repeated dismally, "I think it improbable that you would prefer to remain with us here. I'm dreadfully sorry."

Johnnie — until this moment an instructor in psychology — tried his academic best to pick the pieces of reality from the horribly unreal words. It was as though he were detached, watching from the far side of the book-paneled office, as his own sensitive face flushed hotly beneath the crew cut and as he twisted inside the Harris tweed jacket while the future he had so cautiously designed shattered.

Johnnie looked down at the newspaper, at the nearly buried four inches of blurred type that meant the end of everything. He could not bring himself to believe it. He wasn't conscious now of Dr. Reinstead. Instead, he was seeing again the long-legged girl with the dark pony tail, without makeup on her pretty face except for the heavily penciled eyes — and naked except for a pair of tight, white shorts. The girl had looked tired and she had moved her hands lazily up to cover the nipples of her breasts . . .

"It's been nice," she said to the boy in dungarees, sweat shirt and dirty sneakers — the uniform, Man — with whom she had been dancing. "We'll see each other." She meant for him to split the scene. Lose himself.

Other girls in the little apartment had been dancing with boys while Charlie Parker's "Temptation" moaned from the twin console stereo speakers and, like the woman in the white shorts, were nude above the waist. But the boy in the sneakers had forgot himself; had become emotional enough to touch a nipple with his hand. That tore it. He wasn't cool. Johnnie Haynes, sitting on the floor that night, saw the boy shrug and walk away from the girl.

—turn the page

by JAY EDMOND

Johnnie, who had been leaning back against the wall for an hour listening to the three-dimensional jazz and studying the bizarre paintings that littered the sparsely furnished room or staring out through the sliding glass door at the Venice surf, realized abruptly that the girl was examining him. He had been uneasy enough, in this crowd, dressed in slacks, sport coat and shirt-with-necktie. The girl's looking at him, as though he had just stumbled in wearing a diving suit, sharpened his discomfort. He thought about getting to his feet and leaving, going back where he came from, Santa Monica. But before he got around to doing it, the girl crossed the bare floor and sat down the wall slowly to sit cross-legged next to him. "H."

"Hello."

She was sipping from a coffee cup and her big, darkly outlined eyes regarded him frankly over the rim of it.

"You look like a nice square. How did you happen on the scene?" Her voice had a studied huskiness.

Johnnie was unnerved by the dangerous proximity of the girl's near-nudity. He could not bring himself to look directly at her. He made a project of searching the room. "A fellow named Orell Duke invited me. He's in a class of mine at school. At the university."

"Well, what do you know about that?"

"I don't know what's happened to him," he said lamely. He was around

a few minutes ago." He fought to keep his eyes from drifting to the girl's brazen breasts.

"Orell Duke?" She was watching his face and he had the feeling that she did not believe him, that she was laughing at him. Who knows a character by that name?

The dancing had stopped, because the Charlie Parker record was played out and the stereo speakers were filling the apartment with tinkling temple bells and flutes which some bearded intellect across the room identified reverently as Zen Buddhist music by Shorty Cal fist and his group. The girls in various stages of undress and the sweat-shirted boys were sprawled on the floor, not touching one another, absorbing the religious overtones of Shorty's Zen. Johnnie said uncertainly, "Well, Orell invited me and I thought this was his party."

"This is anybody's party. But it's my pad. I live here. If Orell led you here, then this is where you should be because he goes along like that. But I never heard of Orell, you know?"

Johnnie Haynes felt with embarrassment at the knot of his tie. "I'm sorry I thought he was the one who—

"Why be sorry? The world is sorry enough already you know?" She held the coffee cup out to him. "Drown a few sorry things."

He took the cup, grateful to have something to do with his hands. There was a horrid taste to the liquid. "What is this?"

You never been with absinthe be—



"—After feeding them and romping with them every day you kind of hate to eat them!"

fore?" There was amusement in her eyes. "You want me to send out somewhere for root beer?"

He wished she wouldn't laugh at him. "No. This is fine. Thanks." And why did she have to lean so close to him? It was a strain to keep looking around the room, avoiding the white, pink tipped breasts. He wondered what Jeanie would think, could she see him here. He had been planning to bring her, but there had been a foul-up with the Sunday school pageant costumes and she was spending the evening sewing frantically to get the Three Wise Men ready for the long haul to Bethlehem.

The girl, squatting next to him, said, "Have you got a cigaret?"

"Sure." He brought out a pack of filter tips, a brand which the Readers Digest had testified contained less tar and nicotine than most other popular sellers. He held the pack out to her.

She took one and moved closer to him for his shaking-hand light, then asked, "Hey, you feel like a real blast?"

"Pardon me?" He swallowed some more of the absinthe.

"Like a little mary, you know?"

"Mary?" He was mortified by his own confusion.

"Tea. Mar. uana. Mary. I've got a few sticks. You know, for kicks now and then."

"No. No, thanks." The thought terrified him.

"Okay." She shrugged her nude shoulders. She couldn't care less. "I don't blast much myself. Just now and another time for kicks."

"Oh." Why did she find it necessary to stare at him without blinking?

"You were putting out that you go to school?"

"I don't exactly go. I teach."

"If you tell me you teach family relations I'll go away."

"Psychology."

"Wild!" But her face was expressionless.

He was unable to decide whether she was cutting him up.

The boy in the sneakers was leaving with two other young men and a girl who had taken the trouble to hide her upper nakedness with a huge cardigan. None of the departing guests bothered to approach the hostess or even glance in her direction. They just left. Johnnie Haynes said, "The boy friend seems to have gone."

"Crazy."

"You don't care?"

"You saw him try for a hand hold. I put him down as a creep. He spends one night in the rack with me and he thinks we're doing the 'I Love You' bit. Maybe he can find a high school necking party somewhere."

The shanthe was making Johnnie feel like the easier. May I ask you something?

The eyes widened at him. She was giving him the Bardo look, leaving him to have no secrets from her. If you don't want those to know, I think you should. I am sure all your ladies like this. He managed a honest gesture at her but he was right.

Her pastless mouth sighed, but the laughter wasn't anywhere else in her. It's like you're cool or you're not.

In other words you're testing each other's reactions. Perfect me, I guess. What about me? Is that all either both of us?

She is out there. It's such a weird thing to see. But see I am a fool. I am. This is you. It's the real you. But even if I am not the real, then he's tragic. I am not. You don't come back to me with the real except he's giggling and saying it's a joke.

Johnnie looked around the room. Other women, he partly guessed, if not this had been a year in the sex service, had a right to comment.

You mean you just sit at somebody and you're in love? He thought frantically of Jeanie with the powdered blonde hair and the warm brown eyes. The Jeanie he was going to marry in three weeks. The Jeanie who was red nothing more momentous than to be a professor, who with four hundred hours had ten girls, and a Santa Monica with the year old Plymouth. Name of W. Rogers State Beach at the A&P. He loved her.

It was the kind of love where you ached a bit initially at a tree with a heart and arrow. A nice square kind of love.

Love. The girl inhaled her pains full across the curve of her narrow back as she exhaled. Cigarette smoke from her mouth. It is a sword. THAT is intended to keep the system afloat.

Johnnie had always heard shanthe was an aphrodisiac, but he was never tame to this one. He knew now that the temporary darkness had dispelled his embarrassment at being close to this girl who had him sick. He nearly made her. He had the consciousness of a man, metal shapes spun from the open beam, even in invisible wires. The way LP record acetate. Modern Jazz Quartet. Chico Hamilton. The Bird. Day in the haze floor against the sunburst turntable. The speakers were hummed, some deep shattering of bone. There were several books and a shelf that had been put together from a plain and worn plain books. Johnnie looked at the books.

The Journal of Albin Monnig, the

Kenneth Patchen. The Dharma Bums by Jack Kerouac. Heart of the West by D. T. Suzuki. Zen Buddhism. Free Zen and the realization of the self.

Something in the little apartment made him. It was several moments before he knew what it was. On the day bed by the window a girl, like there was a big life belt with a red ribbon around it, now it was the kind of today her little life belt on the way to sleep.

The girl in the shorts he, her eyes closed as she was sleeping, in the blues without sun, she heard the heat. That is you have been cool, man. She said. I bet you're square enough to be me.

No. But in three weeks.

She opened her eyes. The cigarette was burnt down to her fingers. I can't see you when she's like.

He shook his head. No, thanks. He didn't want Jeanie to care for her by this woman who was probably his at the start.

Marriage is a piece of paper, said the girl.

Somewhere in the little apartment was tattered, except for the two of them, shanthe. Haynes said. Everyone seems to have gone.

Crazy.

It'll be on my way. But he made no move to get the warmth of the shanthe he gave her, leaving them at the low, young breasts at the long white thighs at the panel, up above the waistband of her shorts. After all, he was a student, and he was only three weeks before he would be settled down with Jeanie for the rest of his life.

The girl said. You want to stay in the padded chair? As though she didn't care a damn whether he did or not.

He seemed flattered. Yes.

She shrugged, stubbed the cigarette out in the ashtray, and she took him home. Does she have a name?

Johnnie Haynes. What about you?

I don't have a name. I haven't found a yet. I bet I do. Johnnie Haynes, you stay here tonight because you're a nice square and I maybe I be helping doing it with you. But remember what I said. It's a swinging thing, tonight and it's going tomorrow. I don't try to come back again. Tomorrow, I put you down, because there's always a new boy waiting and I'll have had it with you already.

A right.

Her mouth tried to be bored when he started again to touch her. But then she was touching his face. She held his hands, putting one on her right breast and the other inside the top of the waistband against her flat, cool

belly. She bit his mouth and said fierce at against his teeth. Love me!

utterly now in De Remond's office Johnnie tried to make out the upside down printing of the small story at the bottom of the newspaper page but he couldn't. The older man was saying, if I may ask, this the woman who has been leaving the telephone messages for you. The one who wanted you to call her every day?

Yes, Sir.

De Remond took off his glasses and belted with them. Then he never been young, not to see her?

I went out a few times. He wondered whether it would help to explain to the nervous man across the desk that he had come back to see her several times because she had tormented him that he had finally stopped going because he wanted nothing more to do with her and there was no place for her in his life. That he had tried to tell her to stop bothering him.

De Remond said. What about your fiance? I mean, aren't you supposed to be married Friday?

Oh, God. Jeanie.

The other man was sighing. You unfeeling! Perhaps if your name hadn't been in the paper. If he had not addressed the note to you. He cleared his throat with a rough and said. She seems to have been a very lonely girl. If the shanthe's going to have met shanthe in the note she left for me.

We er, it's quite a long distance here. Perhaps you wish to take the newspaper along with you. Well, I mean, you'll probably wish to read it.

Thank you. Johnnie took the newspaper off the desk. The headline read:

VENICE WOMAN  
KILLS SETTLED  
COLLEGE PROF.

He folded the paper into the pocket of his jacket and walked out of the office into the bright, sunburst sunlight. He went to a pay phone booth in the Student Union and found Jeanie's number trembling as he waited for an answer.

Jeanie's mother in a voice that sounded as though she regarded him as some kind of stranger, all the old him. Jeanie had left suddenly for Wichita, Kansas, to visit relatives for a few months. Then she hung up on him.

Sitting in the tiny phone booth, his stomach knotted with sickness, Johnnie pulled the newspaper out of his pocket and walked to the store.

Malibuiquities had quoted the note left by the lead woman as reading, Love you.



A mighty rock was he—strong, silent, unmoved by the blandishments of females

# whatever became of the man's man?

ONE of the best known war heroes of the recent American Civil War, the author of this article, was a man of such manly strength and manly ways that he was known as the "man's man." There was a legend about him that he had a secret life, and that he had a secret identity. He was said to be a man of such a secret life that he was known as the "man's man."

He was a man of such strength and such a manly way of life that he was known as the "man's man." He was a man of such strength and such a manly way of life that he was known as the "man's man." He was a man of such strength and such a manly way of life that he was known as the "man's man."

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The most striking was the man's man of strength. When this phenomenon

there had been a man of such strength and such a manly way of life that he was known as the "man's man." He was a man of such strength and such a manly way of life that he was known as the "man's man." He was a man of such strength and such a manly way of life that he was known as the "man's man."

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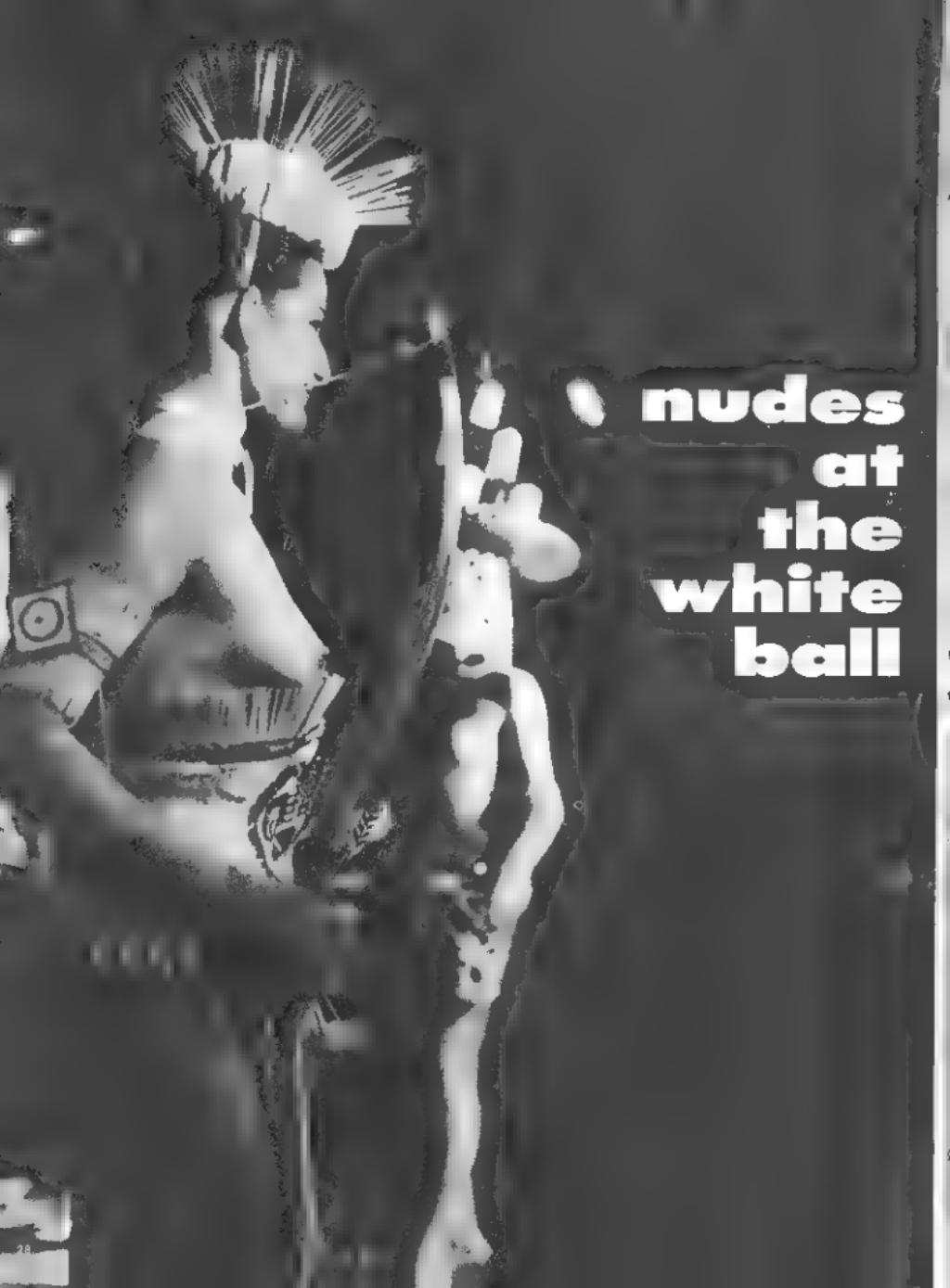
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There had been a man of such strength and such a manly way of life that he was known as the "man's man."

There had been a man of such strength and such a manly way of life that he was known as the "man's man."

By JAMES V. LAWRENCE





# nudes at the white ball



THE new show at the Boule Blanche (The White Ball) a well known night club in Montparnasse, Paris, is called *In The Moon*, even though that doesn't seem to have anything to do with the elaborate scenarios of the twenty voluptuous and tempting performers who say their audiences from Mid-night to 9 A.M. every morning in a variety of humorous and provocative sketches.

The show, in fact, is a reenactment of famous scenes that should have been and, even in some cases, were a part of history.

As one example Suzy Mimension, the voluptuous blonde star of the show, appears as Mme de Pompadour preparing for her consort and discards many bustles, brassieres, tubs and et cetera, winding up an *nature* in her night cap.

Then, of course, there are the usual traditional scenes mixed from legend and the director's imagination, so dear to all who like to spend their francs or pounds or marks or dollars on



History presented in erotic tableaux at favorite Paris nightspot



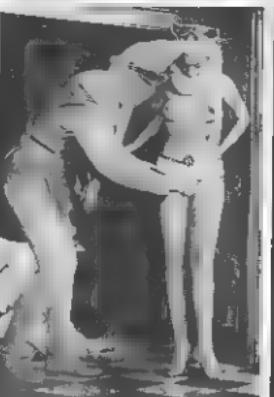




The dance of the Arabian Slaves performed to authentic harem music



Vue de l'arrière. C'est  
la plus grande



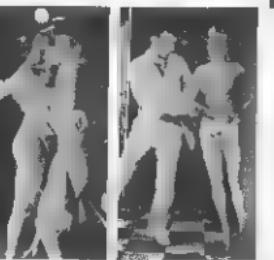
pageantry, color, glamour and beauty especially when I bear my spiced with the lush young damsels' female bodies.

There's a fan as, out of the Arabian nights, it in the French, nor the Sir Richard Burton version with voluptuous harem beauties clad only in the most transparent of pauper and lace or in nothing at all.

There's even a fantastic spectacle which has a page in science fiction mixed with ancient Greek legend and peppered with sex and nudity in true Cauchy style. In this, one of the ushers of the show news seeds or diamonds between the two, one goddesses of alien planets.

But the evening rate is in every sense of the word, he also is not one in the crowd stripe case we find M. Léde the only man in the show, a rare pauses masterfully to wish him all appropriate good health in English, stripping the clothes off the sweetie who lets him and nothing remains but girdle.

What a curtain! What a show! What a reason to fly to Gay Paree!



During the show's finale Eddie seems frustrated





John Knox. Instead, he substituted plural marriage for those who could afford more than one wife. Thus the surplus women were taken on, both as a personal and a social duty, and never let. He said that the Prophet failed to prove a notable example in this regard.

As Islam prospered, the harem principle perhaps got somewhat out of hand. As recently as 20 years ago the Westernized Turks of Mustapha Kemal Pasha tried in vain to hush up the fact that a weak by and prominent pasha was made a father 9 or 10 times in a single day, two of his wives having produced twins simultaneously, while a third had triplets. On the other hand, the drowning, strangling or abandonment to starvation of gulf babies was no longer practiced and the

Prophet gave the women of Islam one unpermitted tree, an at least in private. They could divorce an unwanted husband even as a man could divorce them, by saying "I divorce thee" three times in his presence, after which they were free to return to their fathers and rejoin the dowers. If things seldom ended so work out for the ladies in practice the Prophet can hardly be blamed for that.

He drew heavily on the Jewish faith for his religion, his story using the Old Testament almost intact as much of the New (Jesus, for instance, is a Mohammedan prophet, but not the Messiah as in the Christian interpretation). He invokes many of fasts and festivals without which no religion can gain headway among primitive peoples and he enunciates certain laws so essential to human survival in hot climates without refrigeration.

Along with his fabulous Eblis or hell he gave his followers a heaven in which he harps and casses, the two irresistible strains of desert love songs, are endowed with sweet music and the bitters. And he gave Islamites a no nonsense mecca for getting there. The more now or less it is believed in, the better or subtler he becomes, the better his chances at the greater his reward after death.

To a harassed desert people, already driven far east to be try to subsist on this legume of the nation, puritanism was a stroke of sheer genius. It was a virtue to a trick in sex, white and whenever they appeared, and it was more than a virtue, it was a pleasure. If you got killed

you went to heaven—if you survived you obtained not to build yourself a heaven here on earth and could attain to the celestial gardens with their permitted, isolated, passionate hours, when you died.

Small wonder then, that Mohammedan fought with a ferocity horrifying to the somewhat less inspired crusaders and townpeople called up to face him in combat. It is a matter of record, in this regard, that the Spaniards were a very unable to conquer, pacify or destroy a few score thousand Moslem tribesmen in the South of Spain whom they tempted to convert to Christianity in a matter of 400 years. It took the United States until 1916 to bring them to terms after a series of small but terrible campaigns, and then only because the Moslems discovered their new conquerors had no designs upon their faith or customs.

Yet there is more to Islam than fighting, tasting and loving. Being warriors, nomads and sensualists and sharing the profit motive, Moslem leaders are closer to nature than are most Westerners, more aware of its beauty and mysteries, more sensitive to its moods and changes. The 1001 tales of Sheherazade and the poems of Omar Khayyam are far more a part of the Moslem personality than, say, the plays and poems of Shakespeare are inherent in us Westerners. In art it is the mystical streak in the Mohammedan that may have proved the ultimate bar to the art of world conquest, they came so close to it a dozen or so many times. In a world as they were never very practical when the chips were down.

Yet they swept the world and defeated Ghengis Khan and Tamerlane, who almost swept Islam off the map. It was an army of Egyptians, led by an ex slave named Bebars, under the Black Banner that first routed a major Mongol army near Damascus and it was the Mohammedans under Saladin and other great Saracen leaders who defeated Mediaeval Europe's greatest spiritual effort in the Crusades. It was the Mohammedan pirates of Tripoli who gave the fledgling America many one of its first bloodbaths over 150 years ago.

Viewed as a man, the round faced little camel driver of Mecca, with his fits and starts and zig-zagging agh, the tall bearded man who dyed his beard red or yellow and dressed in outrageous colors, the aging little man who liked three times more women, seen and eating, but mostly women, seems preposterous as a leader. But, as a prophet as the founder of an enduring faith that has swept most of the world, his is truly a fabulous figure.



"We have some cute openings for engineers."

He had visions of freedom and wealth and would do anything to make them come true

# DREAMER

By ROBERT COOPER



He sat up in bed, feeling the heat with his eyes, but Karmann and his thoughts found them by sight, her body in his.

He layed aside the book with a soft thud and her head there was lying on his chest, and there was lying on his chest, and there was lying on his chest.

You want me, don't you? he whispered.

As if to prove the bedded.

There was.

Her eyes and hands clung the man. She was not a sleep better. Her mind, though, was quiet, her body in his.

He layed aside the book.

Her eyes clung, and she did not

want.

He watched her, knowing that he gained this woman. Like he wanted it. Power. And a way to make him feel he counts. And he did. He was going to have her. He wanted the same. He would, we have, for a man. In the world outside, he'd given up.

Spent a weekend with me then Las Vegas. The place works. I am not thousand.

The woman above, about twenty, agreed. Yes, it was true, he seemed wonderful.

He awoke in the room to her and every her in his arms. The words were righteous, her arms around him and holding him. Accepting him. She thrust her body against his, pulling her blouse to his chest. And then his hands were upon her, caressing, trapping, teasing. And she responded.

They moved to the bed, and the words ended, disappeared.

They started, talking as there was nothing else to say. He studied her, and at the immensity of her words, how that was over. It was over. There was enough with her woman for her. The woman is evidence to her.

And now that I have someone there's only one thing stirring in my life.

Woke up in one place and faced down the door. What's that? What's this staircase of yours?

Mosse.

He awoke. What woman? What was that? What's this staircase of yours?

He was here, he had taught her not to call him. And now he was in there. Her place, her bed, and it was over. I do. I do not wish to associate with her. I think I have enough here, there. I do not care, in every place, there's the house, gathered. Dear everything. Dear nothing. All over in the way I was.

But what about your brother? Does he call enough?

That's not on. He makes a living, that's all. I can only see nothing, then I do not nothing.

Everything.

You everything. A man. Mosse. The place works. The dried tea chest. You are quite a lover, you know.

He was of course.

Now tell me about the weekend. Where should I have me.

Well, I'm in Las Vegas. Now that he has her, who needs Las Vegas? To see what he's learned. Friday, he'll be in the room for the show. I have a great deal of what I don't know, and I want to learn more. And then there's the house, a house and we'll be out there.

The grabbed her signature in her signature. It, he reads. I'll be ready. Talking, and old.

She was still his husband during all his time, though his body. And the other speech, how it would be over there now. Oh, why doesn't he call? Why does he all.

Her bag was thrown, packed and ready. It was the grander note to her husband. She'll leave that on the telephone to be brought to him.

But who does he call? The telephone chimed, and without watching, he knew his husband was probably passing on his phone, going out of the house, and taking his walk or the exercise for a newspaper.

Here was the time for him to call. Now, while he was gone.

She stepped, started at the phone ring.

Once.

Twice.

She held one last look, opened the front door, and commanding and. Then she was out the door, the matress bags, against her leg, but she was too much in the pain, to notice the ring in her hand.

She walked to the Not-university at the rounded corner. And set the matress street. It, he might have been forced to call. He'd be along my phone. And then my life longest all over.

Again, back she made the call to her. She hardly heard the words. He never told her he had broken out. Karmann had had all no for nothing. All had remained something about pretty West, but that was all.

She sat on the surface of the bus station, waiting. Her waiting. She had never slept, not after the note to her husband. He'd never take her back after what she had written. And then suddenly she saw his picture staring at her from the newspaper on the bus.

She grabbed it, and the train started to the station he wrote.

Telephone Company almost costs money. I can. A national operator, you affect the human. There is Las Vegas, but she's a student. In the place, I need the arrangement to ring out three times. Furthermore the operator who had placed the all over and nothing, was trying and told the master, a connection. It took about half an hour to make the repairs, and when all was fixed, I called him. I've just explained the problem with \$100.

For \$100, the attention paid to the person, and we were help with the same she and I have.



## ADAM's Eve

*Four peages of the fruit we see  
W hy do ye fail so fast?  
Your date is now per fessed  
But you may say - et there an one  
To blush and grieve some  
And go as fast*

HEBBICK  
To Blossoms



## ADAM's Eve

*For pleasure or the fruitto see  
I by do ye tol so test  
Your aile I no yet ha sea  
But you may say et there aubne  
To bin b and gething sume  
And ge an an*

HERRICK  
*To Eno. omr*



He was trapped in the surf between the raging bull and the man-eating sharks

# *the Underwater Matadors*



*Chet Cull*

**L**A VIGRA is a tiny village on the Northern coast of Spain. Half a century ago it had been a prosperous fishing center but the waters were too shallow to swim in, so when the men of La Vigra took most of their prides in it was a true more of a doctor or an engineer houses and a very stricken village.

The strangest thing that happened to La Vigra a some time ago was the arrival of Charlie Anderson. Charlie was a great tall things, he was an American, an abstract painter and although he spoke the Spanish's heartily and a regular fisherman he was undersized, a farm. He was also a man who had a swarthy, dark complexion and a rugged, hairy face. During his early days he was tall and powerfully built, but as he grew older he had

little money but by La Vigra standards he was quite rich.

Nor was Charlie weird, if colorful pictures that amazed La Vigra Charlie used to swim although the village people were afraid to say that the sea was evil and had killed many of their ancestors. And he spent much time paddling about in a ridiculous paddled canvas boat with a tall red sail, a boat that came packed in a suitcase and so obviously could not be seaworthy. The village elders warned of the sea and of the way of a man Charlie's age wrestling a boat with the young men, but perhaps because Charlie's skin was tanned Spanish Charlie paid the warnings no mind. He painted, he swam, and at night he would often drink huge quantities of wine and sing songs they found amusing, even if they had no idea what "Wagon

—turn the page

by **JIM NORBERT** and **BILL PRESTON**



Charlie waved his arms and the island trembled as the beast charged

## MATADOR, from page 37

Whee's and Hound Dog meant

On this morning as Charlie took his rod and canvas kayak, the villagers pointed to their aching feet, the odd colored sky solemnly warned a storm was coming and would result in a strong tide but Charlie merely waved and paddled away. After a few hours of fruitless fishing Charlie started back for shore. But the tide was going out and although he tacked against the strong wind and bent his back to the paddle, the kayak was carried out to sea. The sky turned a sickly black and when the storm hit Charlie was frightened but not full of panic. He had sailed his kayak in many places from the Colorado rapids to the South Seas and he had seen many worse storms. He battled the great waves concentrating on trying to keep his tiny boat from swamping.

Twenty minutes later the storm ended as abruptly as it had started and the sun came out brightly. Charlie figured he was about 10 miles at sea and due North. Shaking in the sun, he ran up his red sail and made for the coast. When he was finally in sight of the mainland he saw a small island in a rough circle of land some 200 yards in diameter which resembled him of the island of the South Pacific with its white beach and low shrubbery. The island was about 3 miles from the coast and Charlie beached his boat, stepped out to stretch his legs and explore. He found clams at the water's edge and as he was eating some there was a deep roar, the land shook and Charlie

turned to see a tremendous black fight coming to charge him.

Charlie sprang for his boat but when he felt the animal staggering back upon his back he swerved like a fullback and dove into the sea. Sinking in waist high water he watched the bull toss the kayak on his great horns, smash and rip the boat to shreds. Charlie was more curious than panicky. He was sorry at the loss of his boat but the bull fascinated him, a truly magnificent beast with spiraled horns and many scars of past swords, and banderillas on his sleek dark skin.

Charlie stood in the water ready to swim but the bull merely glared at him then trotted back across the small beach, drank at a spring and returned to nibble at the shrubbery. Charlie couldn't see any humans or other animals or humans. He waded ashore and the bull immediately charged, forcing Charlie to flee again into the ocean. He circled the island, walking at the edge of the water and soon realized he was indeed alone with the bull. At one point the beach dropped suddenly into very deep water and as he swam ashore Charlie saw sharks swimming less than 100 yards out.

By now Charlie knew he was in a tough spot. The island was his only chance of safety, the beach was narrow and he had no intent of sharing it. Charlie was terribly thirsty. Thirsty he was, eating on trying to make his thirst more so. At the moment his sole worry possession was his swimming trunks. His legs were soggy, the skin wrinkling

like an old prune, and he was cold.

In the darkness he walked a few yards and and almost reached the spring when the bull came charging like a bat of thunder. Charlie spent the rest of the night taking shivering cat naps on the beach constantly alert for those stand shaking hoofs. With the coming of dawn he had to wade into the sea again in the red eye bull pawing the sand and snorting at him. Charlie was still fairly calm, he figured he had to be a fishing boat passing by soon.

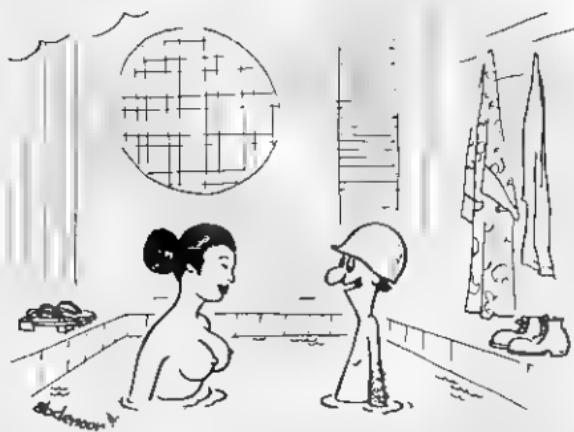
Late in the afternoon he was still standing in the water weakened by exposure his entire body aching for fresh water. He knew then it was impossible for him to last another night. Either he or the bull had to die. Making friends with the beast was out of the question. So was swimming to the mainland. Normally a three mile swim wouldn't have fazed Charlie but even if he wasn't so weak now the sharks ruled out any swim.

Charlie walked around in knee-deep water and wondered how he was going to kill a thousand pounds of muscle, or did the bull weigh a ton? And he had to do it before nightfall or he would be so weak from thirst he'd either drown or be gored. He was weaponless his fishing tackle his knife had long since been washed out to sea when the bull had smashed the kayak the day before. And what if he had a knife? Even a matador had to take a bull carefully before killing him with a sword and a host of assistants.

Since he wasn't any match for the bull on land Charlie knew his only chance was in the water. Although the bull always stopped at the beach's edge, he could probably swim. For a time Charlie wondered if he could get the beast in the sea, perhaps drown him. But he doubted if he had strength for that or if he had ever had that sort of strength. Charlie felt a big clam under his left foot dug it up with his toes. He picked it's big toe on a sharp rock. He dug up another clam and smashing them together to break the shells he ate slowly inserted it's cut toe. Starting at the jagged shells in his hands he suddenly knew he had weapons and a way of killing the bull. It would take skill and all his strength so he had to try it now, before he grew any weaker.

The beast was in the center of the island grazing on the shrubbery and keeping an eye on Charlie who walked and swam toward the section of beach that dropped off into deep water. Crawling up on the sand, Charlie quickly piled up as many large stones as he could find. Charlie was flat on his stomach and the bull came forward slowly suspicious at this sudden disappearance. Charlie piled the

Alman



"You wash and I'll dry."





# Adam's tales



RESTAURANT  
A LA CARTE



## DON'T WASTE TIME

The man was a stranger in the southern city but he was making a spectacle of himself by standing atop the roof of the tallest hotel in town and threatening to commit suicide by leaping to the street eleven stories below. Laboriously, a policeman made his way to the roof to have the man's attention to himself.

"Think of your mother," he pleaded. "Haven't any," said the man. "Then think of your father." "Haven't any!" "Think of your wife and children." "Haven't any." "Then think of Robert E. Lee." "Who's he?" asked the stranger. "Go ahead and jump, you Dam yankee!"

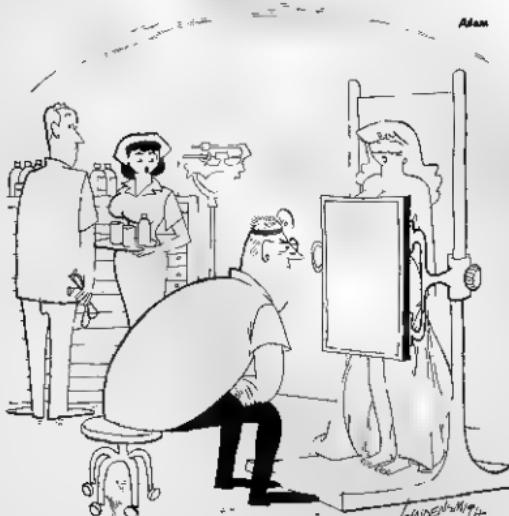
## WHAT'S FOR SALAD?

JAYNE: When Bill married me, he told me we'd live on his kisses.

MARILYN: Isn't that diet a trifle exhausting, honey?

JAYNE: Sure is, but it isn't the main course that does it -- it's the dessert!

\* \* \*



"Wonder what he sees in her?"

## GULP!

The overworked physician was just settling down to a very heated dinner, when a hysterical woman came bursting through his front door crying, "Doctor, come quickly! My husband just swallowed a mouse!"

"Then hurry home while I get my stomach pump, and try holding a piece of cheese in front of his mouth. I'll get over there as fast as I can."

The physician got to the woman's home a few minutes behind her. There he found a man lying quietly on the sofa while the still hysterical woman jumped up and down and waved a sardine in front of his mouth.

"Calm down," the physician told her. "I said to use cheese, not a sardine."

"I know, I know," screeched the distraught female, "but I've got to get the cat out first!"

\* \* \*

## PASS-PLAY

CERTAINLY! So you're named Tom. Don means Chef, and George means horse-lover and Ph. Lip means beloved. Do you know what Tom means? TOM Business, baby business!

\* \* \*



## GAL IN DISTRESS

While taking a solo stroll in the woods one day, a very pretty young girl came upon a beautiful secluded lake. Unable to resist the appeal of its crystal-clear water, she removed her clothes and had herself a swim.

Thoroughly refreshed, she waded through the pool to where she had left her clothes -- only to find a tube sitting on top of them, grinning at her and devouring her with his eyes.

She was about to panic when her toe touched something under the water. Plucking it, she saw it was a large castaway frying pan. Holding it over her most private part, she marched boldly out of the water to have it out with the tube.

"Listen, you creep," she began indignantly, "do you know what I'm thinking?"

"Yup," said the tube with a leer. "You're a thinkin' there's a bottom in the skillet!"

\* \* \*



### THE INSIDE DOPE

Departing from the corner saloon Jervis encountered his old friend Melville. Although roses for his eyes, Jervis's face once seemed glum, not drawing him downcast. Wondering what had upset his old buddy Melville, Something botherig you, Jervis Old Boy?"

"Well yes," admitted Jervis after a painful silence. "There's something botherig me."

"Better get it off your chest then," said Melville. "Confess on good or this son."

"It's not that easy, blurted Jervis. In fact it's damned embarrassing and it concerns you."

"Out with it, Pa, we've been buds since grade school."

"Okay then, sa Jervis, but you asked for it. Last night, when I went to the brothel, I found your wife working there as one of the girls. Much as it pains me to say it, you're married to a whore!"

"Relax, Old Pal," said Melville, "you only don't know the inside dope. My wife's in there. She's only working at the brothel for a girl who came down with a sore disease."

\* \* \*



### ALL THAT MEAT

The veteran preacher was giving his flock a vespers talk about King Solomon and all his glories. After he had described the splendors of his palaces and temples, his famed meeting with the Queen of Sheba, he went on to tell them of Solomon's four hundred wives and seven hundred concubines, stating that the great King fed them all on ambrosia.

At this point a flock member rose to say, "Never mind what he fed them, what did he eat?"

\* \* \*

### BULLY

The bouncer who walked into the saloon was so obviously an offensive type of a leader like that stereo Pat the bartender couldn't stand the sight of him.

"Want a scotch and soda?" Isped the orchardances are hot, by."

"Get lost," said Pat. "You be paying the place a bad name. Beat it. This is a working man's saloon."

"Please, I only want a scotch and thudia," he repeated the nervous money.

"Okay, then," Pat gave in. "Get way the tip down on the end of the bar and mind your own business, and I'll sort you."

Pat got the odd one. He'd drink and the unwelcome customer sat at the end of the bar and minded his business, and after a while Pat forgot about him. Then big Tim, a regular and a steamfitter around and downed a double bourbon. After getting down a scotch and a thudia in accord with his custom, he beat himself on the chest and said, "Thanks, Pat. I can go to work now. I feel as strong as a bull."

At this, from the forgotten end of the bar came a faint but unmistakable "Moo."

\* \* \*

### REAR SCHMEEER

There was a young lady named Green Who in front of a mirror did preen,

"T," her mother said. "Dear

You're a very cute rear.  
But the front of you's almost obscene."

\* \* \*

Adam



### THUNDER ON THE LEFT

The Dowager Duchess of Leigh-Orce sat by my side at a tea party. Her rumbling abdomen

Was something phenomenal  
And everyone thought it was megh."

\* \* \*

### OH NOAH!

The teacher inquired of her class how Noah spent his time on the ark. Receiving no answer, she suggested, I presume he did a lot of fishing.

"Oh, yeah," cried the Freddy.  
With only two worms!"

\* \* \*



### PETRIFIED

Twelve-year-old Benny came tearing at top speed out of the hair-escape show where he had just seen his first stripper in action. Wondering what had started him running, the house manager stopped the boy and asked him the cause of his hurry.

"Excited," the boy replied. "My mommy told me if I ever looked at anything bad I'd turn to stone and I started already."

\* \* \*





**She was big, she was beautiful  
and she loved him more than he knew**

**more  
than a  
friend**

by CONNIE SELLERS

**FRIEND, from page 43**

far out to where there were no others, to deep woods with running wind in their faces, where there were wild smells and the wild taste, sometimes.

If it was a worse day for her she would make Sam proud, doing everything exactly right, not minding the lights and noise, staying only for the signals Sam made, very high very thin.

But these days were few. Usually the dry days stretched before her, dusty, emptied hours without Sam. It would have been better if she could have gone with him in each day, to stay protectively by his side. But Sam would not allow this.

No other could love him as Satin did, since she had never loved before, and would not again. No other could be so willing to sacrifice, could be so ready, so wanting to protect him. And yet those weak soft others were a threat to Satin, and she reacted. She hated them for what they meant to him, and feared them, because some day Sam might go away with one of them and never ever come back. If that happened, Satin would go mad.

But until then, she would be content to be near him when she could. It was enough to have him touch her, stroke her and tell her she was beautiful for this was better than the old places, dark green places where men never came until Sam did.

Then Sam brought the woman home. As always, Satin met him at the

door. The bitch was standing behind him, wilyly behind him, still with the smell of pants, the burned smell, of arc lights upon her.

Be a good girl, now, he said. Come into the kitchen with me. But first Norma, this is Satin. Satin, Norma. A newcomer to our business, Satin, but so lovely she can't miss.

Satin stared, unblinking at the woman, then muttering, she had gone with Sam because she could not deny him anything. He laughed over his shoulder at the woman he had brought into their house.

Satin pressed herself against him but he moved away. He gave her food but she would not eat. He took down bottles from the shelf and glasses, and shook ice cubes from the refrigerator.

He was clumsy and she knew he had been drinking, and could not inhale the scent of it from his skin.

Now don't be jealous, he said. You're beautiful, and I love you, Satin, but—

She moved back to give him room to balance the tray of drinks.

Now stay here, he said.

Breathing heavily she remained in the kitchen hearing the laughter the scuff of feet across the floor as the music swelled up. He should not do this to her.

Oh, the woman in the other room said, I suppose I must get used to crazy things out here. And she's nice, I guess. But shouldn't she have a place of her own? Sam, darling, she's so big."

He laughed. Satin's not like my other stars. She'd pine away without me. And as for being big, I like my women that way. You're no Alice ghastly yourself."

Satin.

Oh, but nice. You're as beautiful as Satin.

I mag ne that's a compliment. It is, because she's perfect. As you are perfect here, and over here and here.

Satin quivered. She could not see from the kitchen, but from the sound of his voice, he was stroking that bitch out there, making her tremble under the touch of his hands, as he made Satin tremble.

There was more, and the music going again, and the dancing. Three times he came into the kitchen for more drinks, and each time he ignored Satin and the embers of her eyes. The last time, he stumbled into the refrigerator and grunted.

Soon the music stopped and the woman laughed. Satin caught the sound of the bedroom door closing. She waited until she could sit still no longer, then went into the darkened

living room and stood I standing at the door.

There were mumbled words that she could not make out and sounds of bare frantic legs on twisted sheets and panting timed to the quacking rhythm of bleepsprings.

Satin could not stand quietly. She paced the room, tongue licking across her teeth, her stomach ached and knotted. But the no-ses from the bedroom kept pace with her.

An eternity later, the silence came broken once by the clink of a bottle against a glass, broken again by his sleep noises, the grunts he made when he was drunk.

And something else.

In the darkness of the living room where there were no dry leaves to rustle, warm no moonlight to point her out, Satin waited, statue quiet against the far wall. The bedroom door opened and the woman stood in it, naked in the night warmth from the love she had stolen. She swayed a little, making her way to the bath room fumbling for the light switch.

Satin moved out to wait for her.

The woman was young and pale, although not as young as Satin, not nearly so heavy, not nearly so strong. When she weaved out of the bathroom, she saw the gleam of Satin's eyes, and paused.

Puzzled by the whiskey, the unfamiliar house, she stood blinking in the nakedness of her soft flesh. Then she remembered, but Satin moved so fast so silent, that the woman had no time to scream.

Satin felt the light of Sunday morning upon his eyelids, and turned away from his bright hammer. He felt a bed-warm body against him, and the fuzzy memory of last night and Norma came to him. Sweet Norma.

Silky hair of woman belly pressed to his thigh in the eyeshot morning, searching velvet tongue against his mouth into his mouth with the salt-sweet pass on so early in the morning.

Abruptly Sam came full awake.

Sick hissing through his teeth, he twisted back from the wet mouth pushed against his own.

Not a mouth but something else stiff and stodgy and horribly wrong in unhuman possession.

He shuddered erect, away, out of bed from the floor where his knees trembled as he stared down at the bed. She had not been kissing him—she had been *using* him—with a red-smeared horror of blood clotted thick about her black lips.

Satin with blood on her muzzle.

Oh God, an unbelievable amount of blood on the great black panther's muzzle.



"Excuse me, but are you, by any chance, a nymphomaniac?"

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**AUNT HYPATIA,**  
from page 5

"Well, well," he said putting out a paint stained thumb to measure her nose. "Hello, Randy's aunt."

I asked you a question. This is Randy's apartment, isn't it?"

"Yes, but she isn't here. I sent her away. She bored me."

"She bored you?" she repeated in credulosity, and then jumped as he placed a hand under her chin and tilted her head. She smelled a quarrel on his breath.

"Yes, she bored me. I told her to go away and we'd have a while. After all, I told her what do you have except youth, beauty and money? Certainly nothing that would interest an artist for long."

Hypatia tried to pull away but he clung to her chin, tilting her head in the other direction.

"I know it's Randy's aunt. There's a plane in your face and a line in your neck which I find fascinating."

"Oh you do, do you?" She pulled away.

"Yes, I do. I'd like to paint you. But I'd have to sleep with you first."

Hypatia's mouth was open but nothing was coming out. In her thirty-three years she had had similar offers but none had ever been quite so blunt. "You don't have to decide right now," he said. "We have a drink."

and give you an hour or so to think it over."

"But—but I came here to see Randy," she protested. "I was told that she was living here with you."

Please," he said holding up a hand. "I told you that she bores me. Let's see now. No, there isn't a thing around here to drink. We'll have to go down to Papa Rufard's. And while we're there we might as well have something to eat. I'm afraid that carrot I had for lunch won't be enough for today. When I'm working, usually I have nothing but a carrot but sex excitement seems to stir up the digestive juices. Right now I could eat a great big bowl of Mama Rufard's cabbage soup."

Hypatia took a step toward the door only to find her hand clasped in one of his. Slowly but surely he turned her toward him.

"Look, am I not ravishing you, I'm not?" His lips caressed over hers. After a few seconds or a few centuries, she wasn't sure which, he released her and grinned.

"What's the matter, Randy's Aunt? Never been kissed before?" he asked as she sank down on the nearest chair. Then suddenly he was standing in front of her unlacing her shoes.

"What—what are you doing?"

"Getting rid of these," he said, tossing the sensible brown stockings into a corner. "I could take a woman into a room and she'd take off her clothes like that."

He crossed the room and rummaged through some boxes. This can't be happening to me, she told herself. She looked around worriedly, measuring the distance to the door. A sudden dash would put her beyond this man's

reach, but her legs wouldn't move. What should she do? Even in Paris, people shouldn't act the way this one did.

Bushman gave a grunt of satisfaction and came toward her with a pair of red and gold sandals in his hands.

"These will fit, I think. They're not much but they're better than those monstrous ones you had on."

It was dark in Papa Rufard's and she looked around blearily, searching for some way out of this predicament. Dale pounded on the bar.

"Mama! Mama! Where are you, you good-for-nothing Paris whore?"

"Shut up," a husky female voice answered from the darkness behind the bar. "We have some respectable customers once in a while. You want to drive them away?"

Hypatia saw a tall, heavy woman leaning across the bar, displaying a well-endowed chest.

Dale led Hypatia onto a stool, and then leaned across to fondle Mama's chin. "Best yourself, you French seductress. Bring us brandy and food. The best in the house."

The woman waved a big fist under Dale's nose. "Brandy and food is it now? And you with not a penny to pay for any of it?"

Bushman cupped the woman's face in one hand and kissed her long and lingeringly. Since when have you been charging me, Mama? Come on now. Let's have some service. I have a lady with me."

"Your rent is paid but who will pay for the wine and food you have consumed in the last two weeks. Now that the girl's gone. Who will pay?"

"I will! I'll pay for it as soon as I sell a painting."

"Ha! That I have heard before. As soon as I sell a picture." Mama raised as she placed a bottle of brandy on the bar in front of Dale.

"Now Mama, hurry with the food," he said fondly, pouring a glass of brandy and downing it quickly. "If you don't I'll tell Papa how you've been lall gagging with the postman."

"Poof! What is this lall gagging? And what is the hurry?"

"I starve. I have much love and it makes me very hungry."

Mama looked at Hypatia and laughed. "For this one you have much love?" Ha! Much love would kill her. She's too thin. A—how you Americans say? A Sunday go."

As she turned away, Dale leaned across the bar and slapped her resounding across her ample rear. "But Mama—ah, women can't have your big beautiful *derrier*."

She retreated into the kitchen, laugh-



# The BRA BAR



"But, Mr. Gilman -- he only seemed interested in the one I was whoring!"

ng

As soon as she was gone, Dale sipped around Hypatia's waist. She looked around the bar nervously, and tried to pull away but he only tightened his grip.

Now tell me what you do back in wha ever M'te Western Village it come from. After all, if I'm mad with just for you, I ought to know somethng about you. I don't even know your name.

I told you. My name is Hypatia Kenyon and I teach school in Brooklyn and not in the Middle West and I want to know where my nice is.

A school teacher. How perfect I... but you're a virgin too!

Please

Just the same I'll bet you are' he said pouring brandy in a glass for her.

Please I don't drink. A little sherry once in a while but that's all'

'You'll learn. I'm going to enjoy teaching you things.'

If Randy isn't here I ought to be leaving I have to find a place to stay tonight.

Bushman shook his head. Will you please stop acting like a school teacher and drink your drink. I'm not going to hurt you very much. With this he pulled her tight against him and kissed her lips and then worked his way down her neck. He swung her slowly out, her back was against the bar and then he pressed even more closely against her.

What's this? What's this? Mama's big voice boomed out. You make push push in my bar, she slammed down two huge bowls of steaming soup in front of them.

Dale released Hypatia and rubbed his hands together. Next to your lovely self Mama, I hunger most for your soup." He fell to breaking off thick pieces of bread and popping them into his mouth between large spoonfuls of soup.

While he ate Hypatia sat with her head in her hand. Her body felt numb and tingling by turns. She was too embarrassed to eat so she kept sipping from the glass of brandy. At least, she thought, the glass gave her something to hold on to. It didn't seem to help much, though, for the more she drank of the amber liquid the more her face burned.

When Dale finished his own bowl of soup he looked over, and seeing that Hypatia hadn't touched hers, reached over and scooped it up without spilling a drop. In a moment he was consuming the soup as rapidly as he had the other. He wondered idly how long it had been since he had eaten and found herself staring at the bottom of the glass.

Mama Ruford leaned across the bar smiling and refilled the glass. She looked pityingly at Hypatia's slender shoulders and small round breasts and shook her head. Hypatia suddenly had the feeling that the only way out of this whole insane mess was in the glass in her hand. Wasn't that why people were supposed to drink? To get away from it all? She raised the glass and sipped it as she had seen Dale do and it seemed to telescope and ready to become more real.

Someone sitting on the other side of Dale was talking. There's a party at the Dickenson's. Plenty to drink and eat. Let's go. She felt a hand on her elbow and remembered being steered up a long flight of stairs to a big house. Someone placed a drink in her hand and a party swirled about her. She was aware of sound and movement and talk but it was such a dim scattered awareness as to be none at all. She knew she was in a bright, lighted room and that she was with Dale and a red-bearded man or a man. They seemed to be surrounded by dozens of people dressed mostly in jeans, sandals, shorts and sweat shirts.

Dear dear Chris an Roget and his disciples are here, she heard red beard say to Dale.

The Dickenson's don't care who they invite to do they? Dale said.

Of course not. They invited us. didn't they? Let's get some more drinks.

Later she couldn't find Dale in the livingroom and she couldn't find a drink so she settled down at a piano that stood at one side of the room. Since no one seemed to be listening,

she started to play some Chopin. She had no more than begun when a chair sat down beside her.

'Who are you?' he asked. 'You must be someone. You look so ordinary but you've an individuality all your own. Who are you?'

My name is Hypatia said with great dignity is Hypatia Kenyon."

Hypatia Kenyon. How wonderful, he said clapping his hands. I knew that you must be someone. Others try so hard to be someone and a person like you just goes on in her quiet way being named Hypatia. How wonderful!

Oh, it's really nothing nothing at all.

But it is, he said moving closer to her. Do you know that you look like the only woman I ever loved and that you are playing the music I associate with the man I love? Would you mind terribly if I kissed you?

He planted a hasty kiss on her forehead and then Dale appeared from nowhere and pulled her away. In a few seconds she was standing with a large drink in her hand beside Dale and red beard whose name she now learned to her disappointment was John Jones. He was such an impressive looking man that it seemed rather a shame that he had such an unimpressive name.

I can't stand Roget and his limp-wristed friends, Jones was saying.

All they want to do is sit around and read their little verses. Their vedy, vedy avant guard and vedy, vedy esoteric little verses. They talk about cosmic consciousness and universal soul and spout their semi mental ravings.

—turn to page 48



"But, Mr. Gilman -- he only seemed interested in the one I was wearing!"

## AUNT HYPATIA, from page 47

cam all over the place but there isn't a creative bone in the lot of them'

If they're the beat generation I'll take this lost generation', Dale said

We ought to walk out of here in a body just to show we don't approve of them'

'Now that's no way to talk,' Jones said. When did we ever walk out when the liquor was free and flowing?

Hypatia finished her drink and someone handed her a fresh one. If it hadn't been for Dale's arm around her, she doubted if she could stand at all. Now they were reciting poetry but poetry that made her more dizzy than she had been to start with.

Maid of Mu now that we meet  
Here at the end of this old street  
Here at the end of this old race  
Maid of Mu how sweet how sweet  
But o' The Garbage truck cometh'

'What's he talking about?' she asked Dale.

He's transcending logic and touching on the unreason that is greater than reason, he says. He's communing with the cosmic organism through verse.

The end of the poem marked the beginning of the fight. As nearly as Hypatia could remember later either Jones or Dale threw a beer bottle at the poet and things got lively. Jones seized two nattily dressed young men and knocked their prettily curled heads together and then threw them

across the room. Something hit Hypatia on the side of the head and the semi-darkness in which she had been moving about for the last hours became complete.

It was probably quite a bit later that she woke up although she couldn't be sure. She was back in her studio and Dale's voice was crowing against her ear.

She blinked her eyes. Was he reciting poetry to her or was it just her imagination? It wasn't imagination. She was lying on the floor with him as, but on top of her with his lips against the side of her face. She tried her hand to brush a mist away from in front of her eyes and was surprised to find a drunk in her hand.

What where

Thy beauty shall no more be found,

Not in this marble vault shall sound  
My echoing song, the worms sha

try

That song preserved virginity'

Don't you Andrew Marvell at me you you seducer, she said angrily. Don't you think I know that old poem? Every college English major tries its seductive message on some girl at least once.

And what's the matter with Marvell? he asked. His lips were trying to find hers but he moved her head from side to side to keep her mouth free to talk.

It's a dangerous phony philosophy. That's what my English teacher used to say.

I'll bet she is. And I'll bet the worms got hers too.

She patted away and peered nearsightily at the drink in her hand. What do you call this thing?

It's a gravedigger.

A gravedigger? Isn't that interesting? she said, trying to slide away from him. His hands were making her very nervous. They seemed to have a life and ambition of their own. But she didn't slide too far for she didn't want him to know that she was afraid of him. After all, she told herself, that was the way to treat a mad dog, wasn't it? Not to let him know you were afraid. Maybe he would work on a mad painter too. Poor dear Randy, what she must have been going through all these months. Those kisses of his. She wondered suddenly if he could keep it up for months.

What's in it? she said, drinking another half glass to prevent it being spilled in the silent wrestling match they were engaged in.

Darling, you're much happier if you don't know, he said unbuttoning her dress and pushing it off her shoulders.

'Stop it, stop it,' she said, trying to prevent his lips from caressing her neck and the tops of her breasts.

He paused a moment, no intent in but went on with what he was doing.

I'll have a talk with you to conduct yourself with more decorum, she said.

He didn't say anything.

Young man, if you have what I think you have in mind, you're going around the wrong woman, she said, as severe as she could.

What are you saying to her? he asked softly.

Maybe I want to press it between the leaves of a book, she muttered.

Don't forget the worms, darling. Don't forget the worms.

Loving Andrew Marvell anyway, she said, and relaxed.

Later he got up and brought two glasses of milk from his kitchen and they sat across each other drinking in deep thirsty cups.

Are you sorry? he asked.

I never be able to go back to Lin old Igh now, she said morosely.

Why? Does the school board hold periodic examinations to assert itself at the teachers' dignity?

You have to be really in the way of expressing yourself, she said.

This is it, he said. I'll turn her up and starting toward the balcony. I think it should be her bed.

He looked over one of the doors and lowered himself onto a stool. After what they'd been here had a stroke and his adorer, after hearing the door of the apartment open.

So then, there were quick steps in the staircase and the door of the room was flung open and the lights turned on. Starled, Hypatia sat up in her bed, letting her covers fall off her. She stared at the intruder in confusion, trying not to gawked on her. It was Randy. She felt Dale sit up beside her and heard his I be damned. I be damned.

Randy just stood there looking from one to the other of them. Aunt Hypatia? I didn't know you were in France. Wha... I don't understand.

Well you see I came to find you. Your mother and I traveled as night and day for hours. I might not be able to persuade you to leave this place, that is, I mean France.

Well you certainly found an interesting way of nipping it, the girl said.

Look Randy, Dale said. I'm not going to apologize. Hypatia and I... He got no farther. The door slammed so hard the room vibrated.



"Well, we're here —  
the Sportsman's Lodge."

Dale shrugged. "Well, as I say, I'm not going to apologize, and he rolled over and went to sleep.

The next morning the whole thing looked terrible through a hangover. Hypa sat at a battered little table and sipped a cup of black coffee that she didn't want. He must have read something to her just because he was drunk, she told herself. And what must he think of her now for writing him? "What does Ranoo think? My God!" She just knew that it had all been a dream, that she had come here a complete stranger to her lover.

She wandered back into the bed room and looked down at him. Still asleep. She let him sleep. Once she had heard him say what he had done for her, even more because he would sleep peacefully after having done it. He had been drunk, of course, so now it's the bairns are who he slept with. That was it. That must be it. It would be disturbed when he woke up, he was the one who had been. He groaned and opened his eyes. "You what a head I've got."

She laid two dollars on the martini glass as I go on, Hypa said. Is it the going rate for your a day among the bairns?"

"What the hell are you talking about? He said sleepily.

"Oh nothing, man. Hypa said, "I can't find her. This. You know your man as a phukka now. I guess I better go."

"Why don't you come on back to bed instead of standing there looking at me and acting so bitchy?"

"Oh no, now I'm a bitch and I. Why you make where you are?" said Hypa. She searched frantically for her dress and slipped it on to the bed in doing so. His hands reached out and he pulled her down beside him. She straddled him, on top, and she stopped, completely when the thought came to her. Her sober now. Her sober now."

Later Hypa climbed out of bed and padded around the living room until she found the phone stuffed in the wastepaper basket. Slowly she dialed the number of the hotel in which Randy's father was staying.

"Hello. Is that you, Robert? Have you seen Randy? She won't tell you what happened. Oh yes, I think I can say that she and the artist are definitely through. No, I don't think I can tell you how I did it. No, I don't think I'm going to tell Canines with you. I know you promised me but she glanced at the other room with a smile on her face! I think I just spend my vacation right here."

In the mystic rite of an Indian fakir she found the answer to her frustration

# ROPE TRICK

MR. AND MRS. GEORGE DARNELL were taking a honeymoon around the world. A week's honey moon was on the day of their marriage. George had been in his thirties then. A year or two earlier he had been a fife player.

Now in his dangerous forties, his physician advised him to a woman as he had a heart condition. Darnell was very ill, though, and it was his doctor who had been the penning of his wife. She had been a young girl during the first three weeks of their honeymoon. It was impossible to live with any other woman, he explained.

It was his teacher's idea.

Thus he kept his wife here carrying on a terminal life, or returning up to him and to wonder about and see as much as he could be seen in her. And though he planned to spend there.

It was time to go to the bazaar.

A young woman, a Indian fakir, perched on a high, ornate chair. She spun a flat, thin, shiny, red and gold colored bangle on a rope and

she knew he'd know how the bangle and the rope were performed.

This was a quick, simple, brilliant. The bangle with short length of rope around the bangle, or a thin plied over and over, was spun more in a figure-eight and gradually as it was spun, the rope began to rise to a peak, suddenly.

This is what Darnell wondered. He bought the darning needles to restore the bangle with.

him to their room at the hotel and a dinner was to be what he sleep as a ways, a 90 mark.

Then she quieted the room and he slept. She found a taxi and an interpreter with both of them went back to the bazaar and found the fakir.

Through the interpreter, she managed to hop from the fact the fakir et wife she had heard him paid a bid bid to each her to play the tea while repetitious notes which had made the rope rise.

Then she returned to the hotel and to their room. Her husband George was sleeping soundly as he always did.

Standing beside the bed, Alice very quickly began to play the rope tune on the fakir's.

Over and over. And as she recited the ghee began to rise gradually over her sleeping husband.

When it had risen to a sufficient height she drew back the sheet.

And there stood his straight and

it was the drawstring of his pants.

by FREDERIC BROWN





Perfume is own artistry. Dixie answers the dreams of pilot's and passengers alike.



# COVER GIRL UNCOVERED



## ADAM photographer finds extraordinary beauty right in our own back yard

LOOKS FOR ART that interpret photo. Ron Voss likes to take and interpret his, he says, and it's his hobby. For his show ADAM got prints and love, D-X. His idea was to show Ron's work to people who happen that D-X is the show to see on any given night. It's a success, Voss thinks, too.

Now, back to more. What Ron offers is here, we should mention that she took him some photos to use with his show, too.

One of the pictures is a Armenian girl from a hillside, and he brought Ron out here, shots of the hill. D-X is a good idea and what's good about it is he's up on something. He's an enterprising young actress, too, as one named D-X, and she's such an especially one who's like the Miss Harkness.













Dixie, who hits the tape for a people up to 35  
21, 34 and dresses the  
scales at 104 pounds, is  
93% fat and grew up on  
a farm near Chico, Calif., but says she  
is working for an air mail  
the answer to a 1951  
dream. A 1951, when a  
farmer's daughter has to  
print cash. Dixie, 17, is  
but to now, 15, fat  
up to 16. "Me, I'd rather  
fly for my kicks."

Asked about move up  
Dixie smiled. "It's fun,"  
she replied. "Maybe I  
ought to change my ca-  
reer."

"Maybe Dixie should. At  
least the Old Adam will go  
along with her on it and  
old 'me'."





# RATTLESNAKE

by J. SIMMONS SCHEB



It was a terrible thing he planned to do, but it seemed to be the most perfect of crimes

WALTER ERIKSEN first saw it as it slithered its way across the path that led to Lisa's house. His dark eyes narrowed, the muscles in his broad, tanned shoulders tensed as he raised the hoe high above his head. He had no particular use for a five-foot rattler on his property.

Walter went up on his toes and started the downward swing. Then, in mid-air, he stopped. It had suddenly occurred to him that he did have a use for a five-foot rattler on his property.

Quickly, yet carefully, Walter lowered the hoe, scraped it along the ground. The rattler turned saw it coiled. Its tail shook, its rattle was low an unmistakable. Its fangs bared. Walter held his breath. Moving slowly, he pushed the hoe back and forth with his left foot and reacted with his right hand for the rattle. The beady black eyes watched the tongue lashed. The rattles rattled. Then in rapid succession. Walter kicked the hoe, the snake struck, and the rattle came down neatly on the reptile's neck, a prong on

either side. It was pinned to the ground.

Walter pushed his black hair off his forehead, let his breath out slowly through his nostrils and rubbed his sweaty hands on his cut khaki shorts.

"You're it," he said between clenched teeth. "You're exactly what the erring husband ordered."

Then suddenly, Walter's eyes widened, his jaw stiffened. The mate. Walter looked around, listened through the thrashing of his captive for another similar sound. Then he threw back his head and laughed. An old wives' tale, he said aloud. It was nothing but an old wives' tale that in the Spring of the year the mate always follows within 24 hours.

Crouching, Walter grasped his prisoner behind the head. Cold sweat broke out on his upper lip. "Okay, Buster," he said as he released the rattle. "It's now or never."

Surprisingly, the snake was not strong but its bared fangs, fches from his hand, were a sickening symbol of death. Walter's knees felt weak.

"The mate!" Walter shouted. "Goddamn it! There was a mate!"

At last, holding the creature at arm's length, he managed to make his way into the house through the littered living room and into the tiny bedroom. He opened the closet door, took one long, aching breath and thrust the snake away from him. It fell on the floor and a muffled curse of Nancy's shoes. His heart stopped until the door was safely slammed. Then he stood leaning against it, breathing hard, acutely aware of the dryness in his throat.

He was on the patio, nursing a can of beer when Nancy pushed into the driveway. He felt the cold sweat start under his arms as he watched her hurry toward him. She wore a light green dress with a full skirt, and a pair of white high heels which made it hard for her to walk.

"Hi, darling," she said. She dumped her packages into a canvas chair and started to sit. "Wait... you see what I bought."

Walter set his beer can down and rubbed his hand across his bare, hairy

-turn the page



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—turn the page

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clerk. Not just now Nan he said. He was surprised to find he could not meet her eyes. I had to quit on the yard work because I need some clothes. I want to get to town before the stores close.

Nancy stuck out her lower lip. Now see if we'd had a phone I could have called you.

Except that you wouldn't have thought of it. Walter said bitterly. Besides, he added, a writer needs some solitude.

Writer? Nancy snapped. If you're going to retain your status as a writer you'd better be getting on the busy end of a typing machine.

I'm working out a plot now. Walter dashed back. A plot I can never use no thought and suddenly he wanted to grin. He turned to go.

Walter.

He stopped.

She ran to him and threw her arms around his neck. I'm sorry, darling, she said. I didn't mean to snap at you. You know how much I love you. Walter, please! Forgive me.

Walter squirmed. He felt like a frustrated rather punoned to the ground. He removed her arms from his neck and climbed into the car.

LISA'S HOUSE, only a half mile through the woods, was a mile away by

road. Walter parked the car out of Nancy's sight and walked through the screen door, calling Lisa's name.

She answered from out by the pool. He heard her stretch, lazily, with a magazine in her hand, a tall, cool look on her face. She had not been swimming. She was wearing a long, black negligee and her dark hair was neatly brushed. A large orange cat wiped down from her lap and ran when he entered.

I thought you'd come while she was in town, Lisa said.

I started. Walter sat on the edge of the chair and took both her hands in his. He tried to kiss her but she turned her face away.

I can't stand much more of this waiting, Walter said. I told you yesterday.

And I'm telling you now, darling, Walter said, he waiting's over.

Lisa turned. She agreed to a divorce?

You know she I never do that.

Then you've thought of a way?

Walter told her.

She's probably at the closet door right now, he finished. The snake will strike the second he sees me.

Lisa's narrow eyes got round. The blood drained from her face. Walter said hoarsely. How, how could you?

I had to! It was too good to pass up. You know I've been trying to think of a way for weeks.

But . . . Lisa shuddered. When it comes right down to it . . .

What do you want me to do? You said you'd you wouldn't go on this way!

Did you ask her for a divorce?

She wouldn't give me one, I tell you. She loves me. She doesn't even suspect about us. As a matter of fact, she admires you. And when there's her re . . .

Then divorce her. Walt Don't tell her.

Walter got up and faced the floor impatiently. McDivorce her. On what grounds?

Lisa hesitated. But Walt, she said, A snake!

It's perfect. It will simply have been an unfortunate accident. Nobody will know how a snake got into our house. We're the only people who think of us here this summer.

I said o'clock . . . She'll see it, Walt she said.

'She won't see it!' he snapped. She's too scatter-brained. Or should I say rat-brained?

Don't . . . Lisa shouted. It's not a snake!

He paused in his pacing, lit a cigarette and gave her one. She's too intent on getting into her shorts and sandals. You know Nan.

There was silence for a long minute. Walter, Lisa said. She'll come to me.

Walter threw back his head and laughed. She couldn't do anything dumber, he said, 'or more deadly. Movement stirs up the circulation, and the poison spreads more quickly. If she runs or even walks, over here, she'll be dead within an hour or two. But it is possible. She could get here.'

Possible, darling, Walter said. more tenderly, but not probable. You know Nan?

But if she does . . .

'Then act dumb. Be asleep. Pretend you don't understand. Laugh at her face if you want. After she's dead nobody else will know.'

Lisa's cigarette was almost burning her fingers, but she made no move to put it out. I don't know if I can do it, Walter she said.

Walter stared at her. The laughter faded from his eyes. You don't know if you can do it, he said angrily. He grasped her shoulders and shook her, hard. Lisa, listen to me! I picked up a five-foot diamond-backed rattlesnake. I carried it into my house and let it go not two feet from me. I met Nan, knowing I would probably never see her alive again. I did it, that's for you.'



I can't help it, Walter. I can't do it.

Damn it! You w l do it!" Walter said. Angels he reached across her for the glass that had held her drink. He threw out of the house and smashed it behind her car, got in and gunned the motor, sawing back and forth over the broken pieces.

Back inside he went straight to the telephone in the kitchen and slammed it to the floor. Lisa met him in the hall.

You fool!" she screamed. Both the car and the telephone.

You don't know what happened to the car, he shouted back. You could have picked up glass any place. The pieces are in the trash. The cat knocked the telephone off, and you planned to come to us to ask us to run you to own.

Oh, God, Walter! Lisa sobbed, burying her face in her hands. What have we done?

He took her in his arms and held her close to him. We're doing what has to be done if we want any happiness of our own, darling, he said. It's too late to back out now. We're not fit for better or for worse.

He carried her up to the couch, and she lay sobbing for several minutes. What's it like, Walt? she asked at last. How will she act?

Walter thought of the gruesome accounts he had read. Nausea vomiting, excreting, localized pain that gradually spreads to every muscle and fibre of the body. A horrible, writhing, then paroxysm of death, one account had said unless the venom's extracted and medical help obtained.

You won't have to watch it, he said, running his fingers through her hair. If she should get here, you can clear out. Start walking for help. Come home if you want.

He took her chin in his hand. Don't be afraid, he said gently. It will be over soon. He held her head against his bare chest until she stopped trembling.

LESS THAN AN HOUR later, Walter Frasier stood looking down at his wife. She lay across the path, just beyond the place he had caught the snake. Her green dress was torn and dropped. Tattered and dropped gently with the breeze. She was unconscious.

Mr. Barnes at the hardware store had so Walter a pair of clippers and a piece of rubber tubing. With the latter, Walter had drained most of the gas out of his car in a back road east of town. On the way home, the car had stopped, and Walter had walked the final half mile. That was in case Nancy was still around and capable by some wild means of super strength, of driving

Now he smiled at his over-precaution. Her ankle was already swollen to twice its normal size and turning a nasty shade of blue. Walter, no longer afraid, breathed deeply and sat on the ground to wait.

Nancy opened her eyes. Oh, Walt, she said. Where have you been?

Walter didn't answer.

I was going to Lisa's house, she said. I must have failed a dozen times.

Walter folded his arms around his knees. Lisa wouldn't have helped you, he said cruelly. Lisa and I have been in love for months. Today, the perfect solution just crawled across my path.

Walter watched her as slow understanding crept through to her brain. Her eyes were wide with fear, her mouth opened to release a scream. She was shouting words, but he was not listening.

Then the sudden, excruciating pain brought her words into focus. Snake. Snake. Beside you. Walt. Snake.

He looked down. It was clinging to the roll of flesh at his ribs, eating its dead prey even into his bare skin. He jumped to his feet, screaming, grasped it before its ugly head and smashed it to the ground. It slithered away.

The mate. Walter shouted. The mate. Goddamn it! There was a mate.

Mate? Nancy screamed.

Mate or not, it's a goddam rattle snake! Walt shouted.

Nancy still sat trembling on the ground as white as the shoes that lay beside her. Mate, Walt. What are you talking about?

The mate is the one I put in your locket, he shouted. Do you have to be so damn stupid a year later?

Nancy stared at him. I didn't go to the closet, Walt, she said. I had a drink. And then I wanted to meander to see my new things. And Lisa's always so dressed up. I stayed in my town clothes. The high heels threw me. I must have broken my ankle.

Walter was not listening. He was trying desperately to get his mouth down to the two ugly marks in his side. Suck it, Nancy. he shouted. For God's sake, suck it.

Suck it! Nancy struggled to her feet. Her face was drawn, her lips were blue.

Yes, damn it, suck it! Walter shouted. You just might possibly save my life! But even as he said it, he knew that First Aid could be only temporary.

Suck it! Suck it! he shouted any way. I'll help some place! And then he saw that there was no need to shout any more. Nancy could not prolong his life even temporarily. Nancy had fainted.



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## NEW HAIR GREW ON MY BALD HEAD



believe it  
or not

SEE PAGE 59

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SIZZLING,  
from page 11

Another similar controversy arose recently when John Keenan, public safety director for the city of Newark, N.J., banned the showing of the motion picture "Tatoko" because he considered the scenes which showed naked women "eww." In court, Keenan told Superior Court Judge Walter Freund, "I'm sure you will agree that nakedness is lewd."

Judge Freund replied: "In my opinion, only a narrow or depraved mind could find any depravity in the film." And he dismissed the case.

Practically all of the local censorship hassles have revolved around films because they do not come under Hollywood's self-regulating censor, the Mo-

tion Picture Product on Code. Because obscenity per se is such a disruptive term, in most instances when the police have acted, the offending film has contained nudity or partial nudity. American firms are seldom bothered by censorship because the Hollywood code prohibits any form of nudity on the screen.

In Europe, especially the Scandinavian countries, France and Italy, nudity in itself is not regarded as being obscene and no one gets worked up over it. This is the reason that some foreign films contain such scenes. However, by the time they play U.S. theaters they have been closely examined and pruned by the U.S. Customs office.

As one film critic said: "No one, least of all self-respecting theater operators, wants our girls smirking, blatant sex or pornography on their screens. The bulk of their regular patrons wouldn't stand for it. This makes the whole matter of local censorship quite ridiculous."

Recently, in approving a French import called "Game of Love," the U.S. Supreme Court made an important decision which could knock out all prior censorship. "Game of Love" is a sexually frank film in which a 16-year-old youth learns about love from an older woman and teaches it in turn to a 15-year-old girl. The manner and taste in which the story was depicted were such that it was not considered obscene.

Numerous Hollywood and New York independent film producers have reaped extra profits for years by inserting special sex and nudity scenes in their movies or distract on abroad. Such scenes, however, are carefully cut out of the versions shown in this country. For example, Jody Fair appears stripped to the waist in the foreign version of "High School Confidential" and Bobbie Byrnes does the same in "Night of the Quarter Moon" and "The Big Generation."

Two versions were shot of a rape scene in the Paramount release "Last Train from Gun Hill." In the domestic shot Earl Holliman strips the shirt off actress Zsa Zsa Gabor but she isn't seen. The foreign version shows her shirtless. Likewise the Hecht-Hill-Lancaster film "Cry Tough" photographed two versions of a love scene between Linda Cristal and John Saxon. In one she is nude from the waist up. In the other she is covered.

"We can't compete with the French and Italian films unless we give them more realism overseas," says producer Al Zugman. "I hope some day we will be able to do the same in domestic versions, but right now we are shackled here by many rules that are archaic."

Many foreign film producers also make two versions of a film. For instance when Martine Carol made the film "Action of the Tiger" in France she appeared simultaneously in two versions. The difference between the two versions lies in how much of Martine each audience will see. The European version features a never-ending display of décolletage. In the American version, it ends abruptly at a discreet depth. She seems to be nude in the version shot in the Continent, but in the American version she wears a bathing suit.

Among Hollywood's major film studios, policies vary concerning films shown in America. Although there are few restrictions on sex now as compared with a few years back, it is always handled with kid gloves. Out-and-out nudity is flatly taboo. Some studios include an occasional bathtub or river scene, in which the female star appears to be naked, but very little epidermis is actually seen. Most Hollywood film leaders are exceedingly hesitant to do otherwise.



"still don't like the idea of my wife taking that kind of job  
still, twenty bucks an hour is pretty good pay!"



## He had many things to offer the young farmer—but mostly his wife

After the bales of alfalfa had been spread in the manger and straw shook down beneath each cow young Leon and the hired man walked back to the house. Darkness had crept in and the mud under their overshoes cracked and felt like stiff caramel. Leon sniffed the air, caught the cold dampness and the steady breeze from the south. The ice on the lakes was gray and dangerous, and if this weather held out it would crack soon and begin to pile up along the shores. Spring'll be here soon," he said to the hired man.

"Yup."

"Better get my spear sharpened up." "You spear fish in the Spring?" the hired man asked. He was a Finn very lean and wiry.

"Yeah."

"We'll have to go together some-

time. I could show you a few tricks." "That'd be good," Leon said.

They entered the kitchen, making considerable noise. It was Saturday night and Leon's folks were in town. Mavis, the hired man's wife, came into the kitchen. She was dark-haired, slightly plump, and when she walked her behind moved stubbornly.

The hired man watched her move across the kitchen to the cupboard, then he winked at Leon. "You better stop wearin' those slacks. Ma is he said.

Mavis said nothing, but the hired man laughed uproariously. She brought two cups out and laid them on the table. "You want some coffee or don't you?" she said.

"Sure do, hon." He turned to Leon. "You wanna come to town ton'ight?"

"Leon's not old enough to drink,"

Mavis said.

"I know," the hired man said, "but he can come anyway. You wanna come, Leon?"

"Ahhh, no," Leon said truthfully. "I told Baa Larson I'd come over to his place tonight help him make a spear. He's making one from an old pitchfork."

"Don't wanna go, huh? Well, if I'm gonna get back before midnight I'd better get started."

"Yeah, well I'd better get started too." Leon said quickly. He got into his jacket and reached for his hat and was outside before the hired man had left the house. He walked slowly across the lawn and onto the road. He stopped in the shrouding darkness beyond the yard gate and watched the hired man leave the house and get into his '46 Dodge. The car started and

*turn the page*

# the Hired Man

by M. ROSS KLATTE



Leon was not a complete novice at this, yet he was trembling.



## HIRED MAN, from page 60

Leon could hear the motor being gunned. Then the car swung out of the yard and moved swiftly down the road. Leon watched the moving lights till they disappeared around the first bend toward town. He was breathing heavily.

Now he waited in the darkness what he considered a decent amount of time. He gazed at the lights of the house and his breathing became painful. Then he tore himself from the road and walked steadily to the house and when he opened the kitchen door Mavis was there sitting at the table and drinking a cup of coffee. She looked at him blandly, and Leon felt his belly contract.

"Sit down and have a cup of coffee," she said.

"I don't want coffee."

She smiled. "Well, let me finish mine, will you?"

"Hurry-up."

The hired girl sipped her coffee. Leon watched the steam rising to her hair as she held the cup before her. She did not look at him.

Please," Leon said politely.

She looked at him now but did not smile. Then she drained the cup, rose and walked through the living room to the stairs. Leon followed her. She climbed the stairs easily and Leon watched her every move. She went to his room where he had the big double bed. Across the hall was the hired couple's room, and Leon lay awake nights sometimes, listening to their sounds.

They left the door open, so no one could enter the house unheard. Leon moved to shut off the lights, and on the way he caught a look at himself in the dresser mirror. He was not a complete novice at this, yet he was trembling. Mavis lay on the bed.

THE REFRIGERATOR motor started in the kitchen below. "I'd better go," said Mavis suddenly.

"Not yet. Please don't go yet."

"No, I better go." She raised herself on one elbow.

Please—not yet," Leon said.

"We won't have time."

"Yes we will."

"No."

"Yes we will."

The kitchen door opened below and the hired man entered noisy. He walked around the kitchen, then yelled out, "Hey Mavis! Where are you?"

Mavis screamed beneath him. Good God, he's back," she whispered.

Leon said nothing.

He's coming up here in a minute. Stop. Stop!"

"I can't."

Mavis' the hired man called from downstairs.

"I'll be coming up here. Hell call up here and bring us. Her whisper was very loud.

"I don't care," Leon said urgently.

"Hey Mavis. You ain't in bed this early are you?" the hired man was yelling.

"We gotta stop. I gotta go. He's coming up here," she whispered in terror.

Leon suddenly relaxed and Mavis squirmed away from him. She snatched up her clothes and tip-toed across the hall to the other room. Leon lay back quivering and faintly he heard a crackling of the stairs. He shut his eyes, forcing himself to breath evenly. The hired man came down the hall and entered the room across the way. There was no sound and Leon knew Mavis was fast asleep. His quivering would not cease.

Hey Leon!" The hired man was in his room and whispering harshly. "Leon you awake?"

Leon rolled over slowly. "Yeah," he said.

"Look what I got as." The hired man sat up, till he found the light switch.

Leon grimaced in the painful brightness. "What?"

"Look I got us a couple spears. The hardware was open and they just got in a bunch of these. Look."

Leon stared.

"Nice spears, huh? We'll get as some fish this spring, you can bet on that." Huh, Leon?"

I guess we will," Leon said.

"Yessir, there'll be no excuse for not getting plenty fish now." the hired man went on. "I used to have a spear something like these when I was a kid. I bought it at a hardware store, too, by God."

"They sure are nice," Leon acknowledged. "Sure was nice of you to buy em."

"Hell, that's all right," the hired man said. "I like to do things for kids."

"How about your wife?"

"What?"

"Does she go spearin'?"

"Naw, she's afraid she'll get wet."

Leon tried to smile.

She wouldn't be any good at it anyway," the hired man said, chuckling.

Mavis is on your good at one thing."

Leon managed a smile this time. "What's that?" he asked.

"You ain't that much of a kid," the hired man laughed.

"I am a kid at all," Leon told him.

The hired man's mocking laughter echoed in the room after he crossed the hall.

On the bed, Leon locked his hands behind his head and smiled at the ceiling.

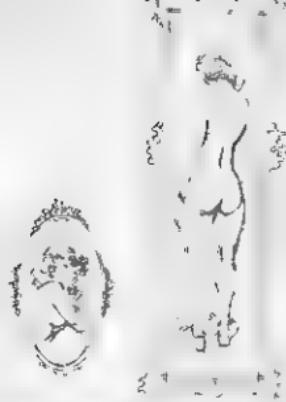
# The Saloon That Glorifies The Nude



Hollywood Spa takes a trip backward in time to delight today's drinkers with the gay glories of yesteryear!



Mgr. Chappuis et centre. Tunks stop as  
patients enter or leave OOPS



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glory seen and smoked a few

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and running water, the best of  
Jim Beam and even L. Van Ru.  
But the saloon is not them all, as the  
recently opened Gal. Mills in Los An-  
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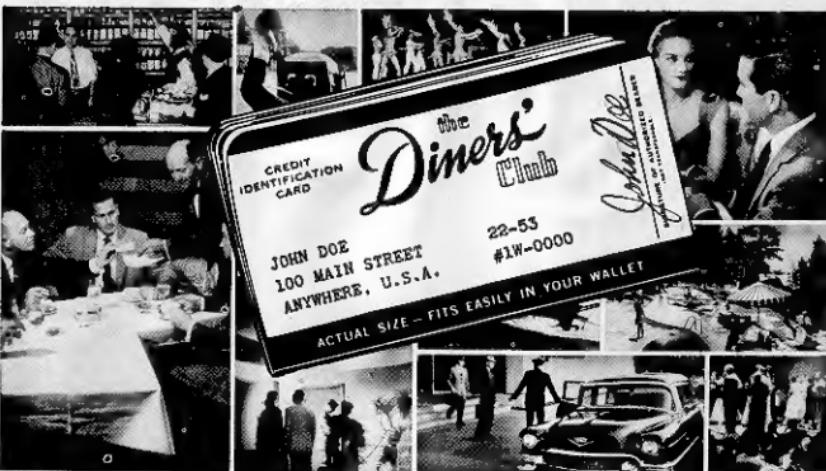
Here there place is a house in front  
where you can sit and smoke, the  
nickel snuff box and the ladies shot  
a coin, but I believe it brings me back to the  
old days.

And you on the beaches may we  
see a saloon there. We hear the  
organs are simply beautiful  
and no better, however are  
the women there, as who could  
be more beautiful. They may  
not be your made, but don't act  
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# Letters to Adam



## OH, BRA!

I was interested to read of June Wilkinson from England. She has a very fine figure, and her "chubbies" are lovely, but why does she have to distort them in that outrageously padded bra? I am a bra model and have a perfect figure — with or without the product I model.

Nancy Louis  
Santa Cruz, Cal.

✉ The bra in question was not padded. ADAM was present and can vouch for that. However, it was run up in a hurry for the occasion. Okay?

## PRaise FROM OSCAR

I want to congratulate ADAM for staying consistently good, issue after issue. A rare thing, indeed, in the man's magazine field. The short, half-page stories in ADAM are swell, and the Bonus Annual that's all new is unequalled anywhere.

Would you notify your readers that I'm in need of ADAM, Vol. 1, Nos. 1 & 3? I have never seen these two issues but have all the others.

Oscar E. McLin  
Burlington, Ia.

\* \* \*

## WHO SHE?

Who is the Ski Lodge Beauty, pages 7-9, ADAM Vol. 3, No. 1, whom you bill as Diana Webber? "Playboy" has her as Marguerite Empey, doing a "Miss November" on their 1959 calendar.

I like everything you print, especially those "photos to the editor" sent in by non-pros.

John Brooke  
Washington, D.C.

✉ The girl you speak of has posed under both names for years. ADAM ran her as Empey in Vol. 1, No. 3. As for those non-pro photos, Jerry but they're halted for the present. Too many pros got in.

\* \* \*



## HOW ABOUT EVE?

My husband and I read your book and like it very much. We were both talking about it and wondered why you didn't put out a book called EVE. There are so many books put out of glamorous girls to thrill the fellas. Why doesn't someone put out a book of handsome men to thrill the gals?

Us gals are human, too. We see our husbands looking at pictures of glamorous gals. Why can't the situation be reversed? I think all the other gals will agree with me. You probably won't do it, but it's a nice idea anyway, isn't it, gals?

Owania Robb  
Belmont, Cal.

✉ Very well, Mrs. Robb, you asked for it. One, the title EVE is already registered elsewhere. Two, ADAM has already been all through the beef-versus cheesecake controversy and decided to let the Physical Culture mags carry that ball.

\* \* \*

## TALES, TAKE A BOW!

The stories in "Adam's Tales" are among the best I have ever read. These are stories which, when retold, never fail to get a good laugh, stories that always brighten up a party, because they can be told in a mixed group.

Vernon E. Huth  
San Francisco, Cal.

\* \* \*

## FIRST TIMER

This is the first time I have ever written a magazine letter of any kind, but I want to be at least the millionth person to tell you what a great magazine you have put on the stands for the last two and a quarter years. I am really sorry I missed the first 4 issues. But before I close, I would like to make one final plea — keep up the good work!

Gene Yates  
Chicago, Ill.

\* \* \*

## BACK TO JUNE

Your current (Vol. 3, No. 1) issue is excellent. Please have MORE of June Wilkinson in the future.

Leo M. Pilarski  
Chicago, Ill.

\* \* \*

✉ Don't lose any more sleep, Leo — you'll be seeing MORE of June, and in the very near future.

\* \* \*



*Fabulously-figured Susan Woods, a nude showstopper in Minsky's show at The Dunes in Las Vegas, goes to Hollywood next issue to try her luck.*



• The Saloon That Glorifies The Nude . . . . .

see pg 62



• Exotic, Tempestuous Laurita Alexander  
see pg 18

### ADAM In Words

- Paris Escapade Of The Virgin Aunt . . . . . see pg 4
- The Prophet Who Reveled In Women . . . . . see pg 14
- Love And Death Of A Beatnik Queen . . . . . see pg 22
- The Corruption Of The Strong, Silent Man . . . . . see pg 26
- Death Trap On Terror Isle . . . . . see pg 36
- She Was The Most Ferocious Lover . . . . . see pg 42
- Murder Plot Of The Passion-Racked Killer . . . . . see pg 54
- Love Tryst Of The Farmer's Wife . . . . . see pg 60

### ADAM In Pictures

- The Most Sizzling Sex Scenes Ever Filmed . . . . . see pg 6
- ADAM's Cover Girl Uncovered . . . . . see pg 50
- Nude Beauties At Paris' White Ball . . . . . see pg 28